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A FAREWELL.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

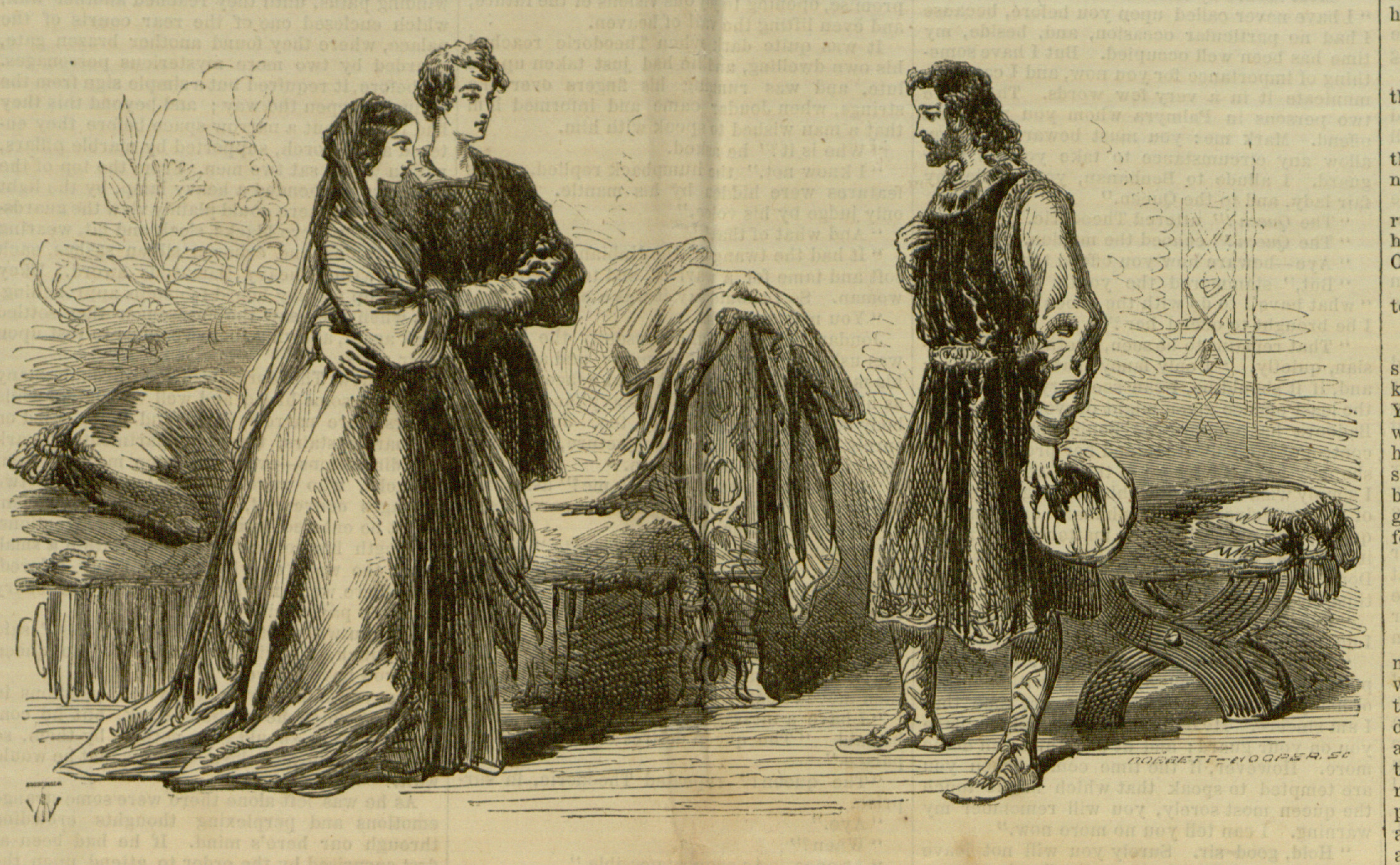
I met thee in a stranger land
Far from my own blue streams,
And gloriously the vision shone
Upon my spirit's dreams;
And then my lyre, that long had slept
Unvisited, unheard, unswept,
Awoke in Beauty's gleams,
As erst the harp of Memnon woke
When o'er its chords the morning broke.

We met, and soon my spirit bowed,
Unshadowed girl, to thee,
As the bright bow upon the cloud
Bends to the monarch-sea.
Thy words, thy tones, the smiles that played
Upon thy lovely features bade
Long-hidden thoughts go free;
And sweetly in my manhood's tears
Were glassed the tints of earlier years.

And now we part—these simple words
May be my last farewell,
But often o'er my bosom's chords
Thy spirit-tones will swell;
The happy hours since first we met
Upon my heart and life have set
A deep and deathless spell;
And thou wilt be, although afar,
Of memory's heaven the dearest star.

Farewell! farewell! yon moon is brigh
And calm and pure like thee;
But lo! a dark cloud dims its light—
The type, alas, of me;
From the blue heavens the cloud will go,
But the unfading moon will glow
Still beautiful and free;
And thus thy life with fadeless ray
Will shine when I am passed away.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE MAGICIAN.

THE QUEEN'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PROPHET OF PALMYRA.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT DAYS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

THEODORIC AND ADAH.

Upon a smiling oasis in the Syrian Desert, not far from midway between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, shut in upon three sides by converging chains of mountains, while from the fourth stretched away a boundless plain of sand, and watered by copious streams from the adjacent hills, stood PALMYRA—a city opulent, powerful and magnificent. Solomon, king of Israel, had expended of his wealth upon its walls and its store-houses; and merchants from all quarters of the world had added to its substance. It was the emporium of an extensive commerce, and its monarchs held dominion over many large cities, from which heavy tributes came pouring yearly into its coffers.

CYMON, surnamed "*the just*," had been king of Palmyra. He had been beloved and respected by all his subjects, having not only added much to the wealth and renown of the city, but having also effected many reforms for the social comfort and enjoyment of his people. When well advanced in life—with the silvery frost upon his brow—he had fallen in love with the fair young daughter of his prime minister. A former wife had died and left him childless, and he hoped, through this new union, to raise up an heir to his throne, so that his name should not perish with him in the grave. So the youthful damsel, BADOURA, became his wife; and she seemed the more willing to take this step in that her father had shortly before died, leaving her without kindred to protect her. Some said that ambition led her to the step, for they saw plainly that a maiden in the spring-time of life could have had no love for a man so old. But, be that as it may, she had consented to become his wife upon one condition: He should raise her to the dignity of Queen, and place a crown upon her head; and he acceded to her proposition.

A few years passed away—years which still left Cymon childless—and then the sad wail went out from the palace that the good old king was dead! It was known that he had been sick, but so speedy and fatal a result had not been looked for. The body was placed within a coffin of camphor wood, inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones, and then exposed upon the lower altar in the great Temple of the Sun, where it remained for three days. Thousands of people flocked to see the corse, and gaze once more upon the features of the monarch they had so well loved to honor and obey. The face bore still the majestic tone and the benignant expression which had characterized the living king, only it was pale and rigid, and could no more smile back the spirit of love and kindness. On the fourth day the coffin of camphor-wood was inclosed within a case of massive silver, and this placed within a ponderous sarcophagus of white granite, after which the body was removed to the mountain-side, without the city walls, where it was deposited in a magnificent tomb which had been erected during the monarch's life-time. For the space of three months the priests performed their sacred rites about the place of interment, while the people went out daily in mourning procession. At the end of that time the ceremonies ceased, and the last outward service to the memory of the departed king had been done. The priests returned to their great temple; the citizens resumed their wonted occupations; while Badoura sat upon the throne, and held the sceptre of Palmyra.

Living in the city was a Persian prince, named CLEON, who professed to have been driven from his native country by a usurping power. He was young, and fair to look upon; of engaging manners, and well educated; and ere long the queen acknowledged that she had fallen in love with him, and she offered him her heart and her hand. She did not offer him a share of the throne, for she would not make him king. She dared not thus raise a youthful foreigner to a place of rule over the people, and perhaps she had no desire to share the regal dignity with another. However, Cleon readily accepted the royal love and the royal hand, and became the Queen's husband, though what of political power he thus gained could only be such as might come to him through the will of his wife and mistress.

It was whispered in Palmyra that the queen Badoura had poisoned the royal Cymon—that she had done it for two purposes: First, that she might rule alone: and second: That she might enjoy the love of the Persian prince; for it was fully believed that she had looked upon Cleon with favor before the good old king died. But Andronicus, the high priest of the Sun, and chief of the magians, strove to quell these fearful suspicions. He reminded the people that the thing would be impossible, for their renowned oracle had once uttered a fiat which could not be false; and they remembered then what the oracle had said. The decree had been spoken many years before, and in these words: "*The crown of Palmyra shall be a crown of death upon the head which gains it by the murder of a monarch.*" So those who had suspected this terrible crime were reassured, for they saw that the youthful queen still lived in perfect health. Nevertheless, the citizens were not well pleased with the course Badoura had taken, though their reverence for the annointed ruler led them to bear with it. It was humiliating, and it caused some bitter feelings, to see an inexperienced foreigner, whose face and glibsome tongue were his only passports to favor, occupying the chamber and the couch of their well-beloved and lamented king; but the person of the queen was sacred in their eyes, and they dared not question her high prerogative.

Within a well-furnished apartment of one of the best dwellings in Palmyra were two individuals. The first was a young man, not over three-and-twenty; of a brave and noble bearing; and possessing a face of great beauty. His step was firm and elastic, and his dark eye was keen and penetrating; and one who saw him move would quickly decide that he had no lack of physical education. His name was THEODORIC, and he had been bred to arms from his boyhood. His father, Ali Shir, had been a general of great renown, and had served under Cymon many years. At the age of eighteen Theodoric was entrusted with the command of a division of cavalry, and he had not only led his men through several successful conflicts, but had himself performed prodigies of valor which marked him for esteem among his countrymen. When Badoura assumed the sceptre she made some changes in the army, and Ali Shir left his command, and retired to private life; but he was not to enjoy his retirement, for within a few months he fell sick and died. Theodoric also left the army, and, after visiting Palestine, Arabia Egypt, and some of the cities upon the Mediterranean, he had returned to his native city, and settled down in the house his father had left him.

The other individual formed a subject of striking contrast with Theodoric. He was a man, of some five-and-thirty years, upon whose body Nature seemed to have been lavish of deformity. He was a dwarf in stature, though his limbs were not only of very fair proportions, but extremely muscular and quick of action; but his body was bent in a most unseemly manner, his back being rounded out into a camel-like hump, and his broad shoulders thrown forward far over his breast. At first it was unpleasant to gaze upon this dwarfish piece of deformity; but when the attention became fixed upon his genial, intelligent face, and his bright, brown eyes sparkled in their quick, soft light, all unpleasant sensations were gone, for it was plain to be seen that the inner man was of most fair and just proportions. His hair, which was of a golden hue, was fine and thin, and hung in flowing curls over his short, misshapen neck. His name was JOUDAR, and he was Theodoric's slave. Ali Shir had picked him up from a battle-field, where he found him wounded, some twenty years before, during a war with the Phœnicians; and having thus regained his life he became a most faithful servant to the general. He was a native of Tyre, slave-born, and had been taken to the war by his Tyrian master. During the remainder of Ali Shir's life Joudar had been his constant attendant; and one of the old soldier's dying injunctions to his son was of kindness to the faithful slave. But no such injunction had been needed, for Theodoric had already learned to love and esteem the humble dependent; and, in return, Joudar gave to his youthful master his whole soul for duty and obedience, and would have readily yielded up his very life, had such a step been necessary to the young man's safety.

"You are wrong, my master; you do very wrong," spoke Joudar. The latter sat upon a stool near the door, while the former was pacing uneasily up and down the apartment, his sandals marking a quick, nervous time upon the marble floor. "You are gaining no good from this continual worrying and fretting. It will wear you down in time. I don't like to see you so."

"Worrying, do you call it?" said Theodoric, stopping, and returning the earnest gaze of the humpback.

"Aye, my master; you do worry exceedingly, and continually."

"And if I do, what wonder is there? Was I not born in this city? and was not my father born here before me? Are not all my loves centered here, and do not all the sacred memories of my soul cluster about this place? How, then, can I see what I see, and be calm?"

"And what seest thou, my master?"

"What do I see? I see the spirit of Ahriman brooding over Palmyra, while gentle Ormuzd has fled away from her borders. Evil lies in the heart of this fair habitation, and Sin festers within the holy places! Riot is within the palaces, and grim Treason sits upon the watch-towers! Is not this so?"

"In truth it is, my fair master; though your fancy giveth to it a deeper coloring than is seemly."

"Not so, Joudar. Our queen is far from what a queen should be. Look at the facts. Only three years ago our good old King Cymon died, and within six months—aye, within less than three months after his tomb was closed, his queen took the Persian prince to her love, and loaded him with her favors. She placed his friends in chief command of the army, and gave marks of esteem only as he wished. And what has this Cleon proved to be? Is he not evil-minded and a spendthrift? Does he not do all manner of evil with impunity? The people are justly indignant, and anxious to reward him according to his merits, and yet the queen protects him. I tell thee, Joudar, the firm basis upon which the good and wise rulers of former times reared and strengthened this kingdom is rotting away. The affections of the best of the subjects are becoming alienated, and ere long a shock may come, which even Palmyra cannot withstand."

"So it is," returned the slave, thoughtfully. He folded his hands upon his knees, and then added, "But why should you fret and repine? Palmyra must be saved."

"Saved?" repeated Theodoric, regarding his companion curiously.

"Aye, my master. Those who love Palmyra, and now mourn over her danger, must save her."

"But how?"

"Ah, there's the question, my fair commander. Turn your thoughts in that direction, and your energies will follow. It is for you to decide how the salvation shall be wrought. At all events, it will give a fresh and invigorating turn to your thoughts, and afford you entertainment. You will not want for help when you are once engaged in the work."

Theodoric was fairly startled by the idea thus presented, and as he revolved it over in his mind he commenced to pace the room again. He had walked thus some five minutes when he was interrupted by a loud, quick rap upon the door. Joudar answered the summons, and when he returned he was followed by a boy—a bright-eyed, intelligent looking fellow, of fourteen or fifteen years, who wore the badge of servitude.

"Ah, Lubin—is it thou?" said Theodoric.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied. "My mistress sent me. Her mother is very ill."

"Not dying, is she?"

"I don't know, sir; but they want you to come."

The young man stopped to ask no more questions, but having thrown a light mantle over his shoulders, and put on his cap, he followed the boy from the house. The distance he had to walk was not far, for the dwelling from which the messenger had come was in the same quarter of the city in which he resided, and when they reached the place Theodoric entered without ceremony, simply sending the boy on in advance to announce his arrival, while he went into an apartment leading out from the vestibule, where he took a seat. Ere long he heard a familiar footfall, and in a few moments the boy's mistress was in his presence.

She was a beautiful being, just blooming into womanhood, and as fair and lovely as the bright star of evening that hangs low in the Summer sky. Her father, the brave and noble Hassad, had been a general in the Palmyrean army, and a bosom friend and companion of Ali Shir; but he had been spared the pain and mortification which the latter had suffered, for he had been slain in battle about a year before Badoura took the sceptre. When Theodoric was a prattling boy, just able to bend a bow, and poise the javelin, and Adah but a tottering child, their fathers had planned that they should be reared for each other, and that idea had never been lost sight of while the two generals lived, and when they died they had full faith that the plan would be consummated; for they had seen that the hearts of their children were knit together by a bond of affection which nothing of earth could ever break.

"Adah," spoke the youth, taking the maiden by the hand, and imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, "I grieve to learn that our good mother is sick again. I pray Heaven she may not be dangerously so."

Adah did not speak. She only pillowed her head upon Theodoric's bosom, and wept aloud.

"Alas!" he continued, winding his arm about her, and gazing down into her tear-wet face, "this betokens news of sadness. Say, sweet one, is our mother dead?"

"Yes, my love," the sorrowing maiden sobbed. "She sleeps the dark, mysterious sleep. She ceased to breathe only a few moments after I sent Lubin away."

Theodoric spoke such words of consolation as were befitting the occasion, and then went with Adah to the chamber of death, where he found the body of Thais, the widow of Hassad, laid upon a low bed, with weeping, wailing servants gathered around. The youth gazed upon the face of the departed, and the tears fell thick and fast over his cheeks, for Thais had been like a mother to him for many years, his own mother having died when he was quite young. He knelt by the bedside, and kissed the cold brow; and when he had prayed awhile, he arose and left the servants to perform their duties. As he descended the stairs he met a man for whom he had little respect, and whom he was obliged to dislike; though on the present occasion he greeted him kindly.

This man was an uncle to Adah, he having been her mother's only brother; and his name was Benhanan. He was of medium hight; rather corpulent in form; and far from prepossessing in his personal appearance. He was one of those men who, lacking all positive qualities of mind, without any moral basis, are readily influenced by the circumstances around them; and, as Benhanan's instincts were of a sensual order, he could be very easily influenced for evil, as we may yet discover.

Shortly after Theodoric entered the apartment where he had left his cap and mantle, he was rejoined by Adah, who came to him pale and trembling.

"Let not this blow affect thee thus, sweet one," urged the youth, taking the maiden's hand, and gazing tenderly upon her.

"Alas!" she answered, in a tremulous, fearful whisper, "'tis not that. Oh! Theodoric, HE has come!"

"*He?*"

"My uncle."

"Yes—I met him in the area, as I descended the stairs. But what of him?"

"I am to live with him."

"*Live*—WITH HIM!" repeated the youth, as though the words gave him sudden pain. "No, no,—that must not be."

"But who shall prevent it? He claims the rule and guardianship, and the queen will grant him any power he asks. Alas! it must be so! O, why did my mother die!"

"But," cried Theodoric, holding the loved one to his bosom, "this may be prevented."

"How? O, how?"

Aye, young man—HOW? There was no answer of assurance from his lips, for well did he know the power which Benhanan might wield. Yet he tried to find some ground of hope. He would work—he would study—he would plot—he would do anything within the power of reason and honor, to prevent a result so much to be dreaded; for over the idea of Benhanan's guardianship there hung a cloud black with fearful portent.

CHAPTER II.

THE WARNING OF ABU SEYD.

THAIS, the widow of Hassad, was buried with much ceremony and parade, for she had been widely known, and generally esteemed. The time set apart for mourning had been passed, during which Adah was left, with her faithful attendants, to pursue such course as suited her taste; but when she had paid the full tribute, of rite and observance, to the memory of the departed, which the customs of the time required, and had ceased to visit the tomb of her mother as an outward duty, her uncle came to see her. He spoke very kindly, and made great professions of love and affection; but still Adah trembled in his presence. She did not know that there was anything positively evil in his designs, but she knew that there was nothing congenial or pleasant in his character and disposition, and she feared him,—not, however, as one fears a palpable danger, which already gives plain token of its coming; but rather as the child fears to venture into a strange, dark place at night. The very uncertainty of the deep gloom is suggestive of all sorts of evil.

"There is no need," said Adah, "that I should leave this place. It has been my home ever since I was born; I have faithful servants here; and my parents have left me more than property enough to provide for all my wants. I think I should be more contented here, at least for the present."

"Ah, my child," replied Benhanan, with a shake of the head, "you speak only from a whim of prejudice. I do not wonder, however, that you should feel so, for you are young and inexperienced; but time will soon wear all that away. In fact, it is absolutely necessary that you should be brought into a more active life—that you should see more of the society about you. This is necessary to your own good. It is necessary to wear away the sorrow beneath which you are pining. A few short weeks with our kind and generous friends will give you new heart and courage."

"You mistake me, uncle—indeed you do," said the maiden, earnestly. "I am not pining. The sorrow which is upon me is not a wearing sorrow. It is rather softening and subduing. I do not suffer—I am not unhappy. I pray you leave me here a little while longer."

"It cannot be, Adah; for I have made all the arrangements necessary to the carrying out of the plan upon which your mother and I had agreed. You do not consider the circumstances under which you are placed. It would not be proper for you to remain here alone. No, no,—I have already disposed of this house, and made ample preparations for your accommodation beneath my roof; so you must make your arrangements accordingly."

"But, interposed the orphan, in a hesitating tone, as though she were fearful of offending her relative, "you ought not to have done this. You had no right to dispose of my property thus, without my——"

"Stop, stop, my dear child," spoke Benhanan, hiding all emotions save the one he wished to exhibit. "You forget that you are a ward of our gracious queen. You forget that she becomes, in fact, a mother to you in your orphanage. What has been done has been done by her authority; and surely you will not question that."

"And must I leave my home so soon," sighed the maiden, with her head bowed, and her hands clasped upon her lap. She felt that further objection would be useless, and that open opposition might be dangerous; so she concluded that a seeming resignation to the proposed plan would serve her best.

"You will leave this home," answered her uncle; "but only to find a more pleasant one. I promise you that every comfort shall be yours."

"And my servants—what of them?"

"You will only need your own attendant, of course. The others we can easily make provision for."

"But there are two whom I would not send from me," said Adah, with much feeling.

It was hard to think of parting with any of the faithful servants of the household; but she knew it must be done.

"You will want your slave-girl Dunia, I am well aware," returned Benhanan; "but who is the other?"

"The boy Lubin," replied the maiden. "He was given to me when a prattling child, and he loves me well. In short, he has never known a love that was not for me or my mother. I would not be separated from him. I should never be happy if I thought poor Lubin was where severity or ill-treatment could befall him."

"Well, well," said Benhanan, "I surely would not refuse you this. Dunia and Lubin shall be retained, and allowed to accompany you."

Adah started as these last words fell upon her ear; for they had a strange, unseemly sound. Her own servants—those whom she loved as her own kin—might be *allowed* to accompany her. Ah, they came—the chance words did—as foreshadowings of what the future might hold in store. But she made no remark upon it. She accepted the offer, and tried to feel grateful.

Benhanan looked about the premises, and when he had made such arrangements as pleased him, he took his leave, with the understanding that his niece was to be ready to accompany him on the following day.

Adah dared not see the old servants in her then present mood, so she sought her own private apartments, where she found her maid. This was Dunia, a bright, pretty girl, of some five-and-twenty years, who had been born in that very house, and had been Adah's constant companion and attendant from earliest childhood. Her privileges had been many, and though she had been well educated, and able to teach her mistress much, yet she never presumed upon the gratitude and affection which were due her. The hight of her ambition seemed to be, to serve her generous mistress well; and she was never so happy as when she could promote the happiness of her whom she served.

"I would not mourn over it," she said, after Adah had explained to her what had transpired. "If your uncle is not kind to you, we can find some way of redress. At least, I will not despair. It may not be so bad as you fear. Let the evil come before we bow the neck to it. You have friends enough who will be both able and willing to assist you."

"I mean not to make myself unnecessarily miserable," returned Adah, reclining her head upon her companion's bosom. "But how shall I meet those old servants from whom I am so soon to part?"

"As you would meet any other event in life which you could not avoid," answered Dunia. "It is a thing beyond your control—something for which you are not responsible—a result which falls naturally enough into the course of human affairs. And, beside, I think the servants are fully aware of what is to come."

"Then they will not blame me?"

"No. On the contrary, they have realized that they should not all be wanted here ever since your mother died. So borrow no trouble on their account. They will be well satisfied if they know you are safe."

Thus did the faithful girl strive to comfort her mistress, and she had succeeded in restoring her to a more hopeful mood, when Lubin came up, and announced that Theodoric was below. Adah at once went down, and when she met her lover, she allowed him to gather his arm about her, and draw her head upon his shoulder. She had resolved that she would not speak of her troubles to him, and he felt quite pleased when he found how calm and resigned she was.

"I came," he at length said, after the subject of Adah's removal to her uncle's had been discussed, "upon a curious mission. I received a bit of parchment this morning from a person who wished to meet me here. He is one whom I have never, to my knowledge, seen, though I have heard of him often enough."

"To whom do you allude?" asked the maiden.

"He is called ABU SEYD."

"Abu Seyd?" repeated Adah, with much surprise. "Why—he is the Persian Magician."

"And have you ever seen him?"

"No; but I have heard of him frequently. I have heard my father speak of him."

"Aye," responded Theodoric; "both our fathers knew him; and my father must have known him well; for, when upon his death-bed, he spoke to me particularly concerning him. It is very curious."

"What is curious?" inquired Adah, as her companion fell into a reflective mood.

"Why," said the youth, "this whole thing. But let me explain. My father used frequently to tell me of this Abu Seyd, speaking of him as one who had done him much service; and yet there always seemed to be a veil of mystery overhanging their relations. I remember very well that my father used to speak of him as though he would not have all the world know that he was acquainted with such a man. But what I particularly have in mind is this: When my father knew that he should never arise from his bed in health again, he called me to him, and told me that I might sometime need a faithful friend, who could exercise more power than my own servants could possess. And then he told me, if I ever fell in with Abu Seyd, to trust him fully. I asked him who this Abu Seyd was, but he said he could only inform me that he was a man to be trusted. Said he,—'If ever the magician offers his services, fail not to accept them; and he may tell you what he pleases. For my part, I can say nothing farther.' Thus spoke my parent, and from that time to the present I have only heard of Abu Seyd as a sort of myth, whom people have seen, here and there, but of whom they could gain no knowledge."

"And do you say that this man wished to meet you to-day?"

"Yes. He wished to meet both you and me."

"It is very strange," murmured Adah. "But," she added, with some animation, "if he be a true friend we may need his aid."

"Be that as it may," returned Theodoric, "I shall not hesitate to trust him; for I know my father would never have——"

"Ha!—there he comes."

"It may be."

"It is a stranger, at all events, for I saw him as he passed the window."

Presently the boy Lubin made his appearance, and announced that there was a stranger at the door who would speak with Theodoric, and also with the lady Adah. The maiden gave directions that he should be admitted, and shortly afterwards the applicant entered the apartment.

"My friends," he said, in a mild, musical tone, "I am Abu Seyd; and let me hope that my name may be a sufficient passport to your confidence."

Both Theodoric and Adah were disappointed, though not disagreeably so. They had expected to behold a very different sort of a man. They had supposed that he would be older, and stouter, and more austere and commanding in his appearance—that his very look would be mystic and dubious, and his speech solemn and set. But they beheld a man on the youthful side of life's prime—he could not have been over forty, if he was so old;—of fair proportions, and handsome, easy carriage; with a face of marked beauty and intellect, and of pleasant expression; and with thick masses of fine black hair floating over his neck and shoulders. His garb was very simple, the only thing of ornament being a collar, or rather a sort of gorget, of fine gold, which he wore about his neck, and which was curiously carved.

"You may think it very strange," he said, with a quiet smile, as he took the seat which our hero had proffered him, "that I should come to you thus unbidden; but I think we shall understand each other before we are done. Of course you have both heard of me often enough."

"I have heard my father speak of you, I suppose," replied Theodoric. "He has often told me of one Abu Seyd, a Persian, with whom he was intimate."

"And I, too, have heard the same," added Adah, as the visitor turned his gaze upon her.

"So," resumed the Persian, "we shall need no further ceremony of introduction, for I assure you I am the veritable Abu Seyd of whom your parents spoke. And now I will relieve your curiosity by telling you why I have come. I was well acquainted with both your fathers; and I think I have served them both; but it was your father, Theodoric—the brave and noble Ali Shir—to whom I was most attached; for I knew him best, and was with him most; and he it was who did me the favor which first bound me in gratitude to a native of Palmyra. I was with him shortly before he died, and I promised him that I would watch over your interests, if I found need of it; and that I would serve you to the best of my abilities. He asked this promise of me, and I gave it. I promised to help you both; for he was as anxious for one as for the other. He may have over-estimated my powers; but of that we shall see. If I do serve you—which I doubt not I shall do if you trust me—you may see some things which will puzzle and perplex you, and often find your curiosity on the stretch. Still, I hope you will give me your confidence."

"You have mine already," cried Theodoric. He spoke earnestly, for there was something in the visitor's tone and manner, and in the expression of his handsome face, which inspired him with confidence at once.

And Adah had entertained the same impression, which she frankly expressed.

"And now," said our hero, who felt it incumbent upon him to put some leading question, "may I ask if you have sought me for any purpose beyond the communication you have already made."

"Most assuredly have I," returned Abu Seyd. "I have never called upon you before, because I had no particular occasion, and, beside, my time has been well occupied. But I have something of importance for you now, and I can communicate it in a very few words. There are two persons in Palmyra whom you must not offend. Mark me: you must beware how you allow any circumstance to take you off your guard. I allude to Benhanan, your uncle, my fair lady, and to the Queen."

"The *Queen!*" uttered Theodoric.

"The *Queen!*" echoed the maiden.

"Aye—beware how you offend them."

"But," stammered the youth, in surprise, "what have I to do with the queen? How shall I be brought to offend her?"

"That remains to be seen," returned the Persian, quietly. "I only fancy that it may be so; and, if it should be, I can see very plainly that the least offence given might prove fatal to you. Badoura has empowered Benhanan to assume control of the lady Adah and her property; and she may have a purpose in this. At all events, I simply wish to give you this warning: If either of you receive from Benhanan, or from the queen, any proposition, no matter how strange it may be, don't fly off with a direct refusal. Don't flatly oppose it, but only seem to want time for consideration."

"But," urged Theodoric, "this is most strange. I do not comprehend it."

"I told you you would be puzzled, and perhaps perplexed," returned Abu Seyd, with another of his quiet smiles; "but I do assure thee that I am sincere. My object now is, simply to place you on your guard; and at present I can do no more. However, if the time comes when you are tempted to speak that which might touch the queen most sorely, you will remember my warning. I can tell you no more now."

"Hold, good sir. Surely you will not leave us thus," cried Theodoric, as the Persian arose, and took his cap.

"I have no more to say to you now, fair sir; and I have business elsewhere; so you will see the propriety of my present movement."

"But—may we not have some explanation?"

"Simply rely upon me—put confidence in what I say—and the explanation shall follow of itself. Say nothing of this—say nothing of me—to any living soul, if you would secure my continued aid. I shall see you again."

And with this the magician went out. For some moments after he was gone the lovers sat in wondering silence, both gazing upon the spot where they had last seen him.

"Adah," spoke the young man, at length, "this is most strange. Who is that man?"

"Surely I cannot tell," the maiden replied.

"As I live, I know him," asserted Theodoric.

"Know him?"

"I mean, he is familiar to me. His look, his tone, his voice, his bearing—all come to me like some old dream. By the Spirit of Memory, I have known that man."

"And as surely have I seen him, and known him, ere this," added Adah, confidently.

"But when?—where?" asked the other.

"I cannot tell. Cannot you call it to mind?"

But he could not. For a long time they puzzled over the curious theme in vain; and when they were fully persuaded that further effort in that direction would be useless, they took up the subject of the strange warning they had received. But here, even, they succeeded no better, and, finally, they let the whole thing rest in the hope that time would solve the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The old family servants were collected together, and when Adah had blessed them each and every one, she turned away and wept. It was a severe trial to both parties; but Dunia interposed her blithesome, hopeful spirit, and the scene was thus rendered far less painful than it might otherwise have been. The young mistress had done all she could do: she had assured herself that the old servitors were going into good hands, and beyond this she could only bless them, and bid them farewell. Then she took one last look at the various apartments wherein her childish feet had strayed—she went into the garden and plucked a few flowers from the shrubs she herself had nurtured—and then, accompanied by Dunia and Lubin, she followed her uncle to his dwelling. It was a great house, not far from the royal palace, and she found her apartments carefully furnished with all that could conduce to her physical comfort. She had plenty of room within the dwelling for all domestic purposes, and she had a pretty garden in which to walk, but it was not the old home. Ah, no! She missed her mother now—missed her more than she had done before—for Mother and Home were both gone. And still she tried to be reconciled. She listened to the cheering words of Dunia, and resolved that she would take courage.

As yet Benhanan had not interfered with any of the arrangements of his niece. Theodoric came when he pleased, but he could see very plainly that the host did not like him. There had been no direct act or remark to that effect, but the uncle's looks and tone were proof enough.

"Never mind," the young man said, when he and Adah had been conversing upon the subject of Benhanan's character and probable plans; "I shall soon claim the right to protect you myself. Surely there can be nothing to interfere."

"I hope not," returned the maiden, in a hesitating tone.

"How? Why do you speak so? You falter, Adah. It cannot be that you have fears of—But no, I will not even suspect such a thing. No one can oppose our union."

If Adah had any fears of that kind, she quickly concealed them; for when she spoke again, her voice was hopeful and firm.

"You must not think that every sigh from my lips is a fear," she said. "No, no—I'll hope with you, and plan for the brighter day to come."

"That is right, love. We have plenty of joy in store. Let us be true to ourselves, and to each other, and the rest we may leave to the unfailing laws which govern all things. I like not your uncle, but still I do not think he means any harm to us. If he has any evil designs, I think they are upon your property. I know he is grasping and avaricious, and I do not doubt that he may hope to gain some of your wealth for his own."

"O, if that were all, he might take it in welcome," cried the maiden. "I would not even offer my protest."

"And can you think that he means more?" asked Theodoric, earnestly.

"No—perhaps not—I think not." And then she added, more emphatically and confidently—"That must be his intent. I see it very plainly."

"And I say, let him have it," remarked our hero, as he arose and took his cap. "He cannot well take it all; and even if he should, I have more than enough. So we'll be joyous and happy, love. Shall we not?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Adah, resting within his embrace, and reaching her hand up over his shoulder.

They loved each other well—that youth and maiden. It was a deep, holy, all-absorbing love, underlying every hope, and giving light and life to all their plans of earth. It was a calm and trusting love, filling the heart, and directing all its impulses. And it was a love of faith and of promise, opening to joyous visions of the future, and even lifting the vail of heaven.

It was quite dark when Theodoric reached his own dwelling, and he had just taken up his lute, and was running his fingers over the strings, when Joudar came and informed him that a man wished to speak with him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"I know not," the humpback replied. "His features were hidden by his mantle. I could only judge by his voice."

"And what of that?"

"It had the twang of the Nubian, though too soft and tame for a warrior, and too deep for a woman. So I should say it was a eunuch."

"You may send him in."

Joudar departed, and presently the visitor was ushered into the apartment; and as he let his mantle fall, Theodoric beheld a face as black as night itself. It was a fat, heavy face, and the body seemed fat and heavy, too. Joudar had surely been right in his conjecture, for those signs were not to be mistaken.

"Did you wish to speak with me?" asked the youthful host, after he had taken a careful survey of the stranger.

"I would speak with you in private," replied the black.

Theodoric made a sign for Joudar to leave them, which sign the latter obeyed, though with evident reluctance.

"We are alone now."

The eunuch cast his eyes about the room, and then moved nearer to the youth.

"I have a message of importance for you," he said. "The queen desires to see you at the palace."

"The queen?" repeated Theodoric, in surprise.

"Aye."

"When?"

"At once. As soon as possible."

"But this is a strange time for such a message."

"Yet the royal Badoura hath so ordered."

"How shall I know that you come from her?"

The visitor threw off the coarse mantle, displaying beneath the long tunic of white linen, the purple collar, the broad silken sash, and the short Persian sword, which none but the eunuchs of the royal household were permitted to wear. Theodoric was fully satisfied upon that point.

"The queen would see me to-night?"

"Yes. She said you would accompany me."

This was an order not to be refused. But what could it mean? The youth remembered the warning of Abu Seyd, and he began to think there might have been some occasion for it. However, he could gain nothing from conjecture, for he had not the least clue to start upon. He asked the eunuch if he knew what was wanted, but the messenger shook his head. He knew nothing about it. Could there be danger? The thought was almost foolish. And yet, why should the black have been so secret with his message? Why should he have refused to communicate it in Joudar's presence?

"I will be ready in one moment," the young man said; and as he spoke he arose and left the apartment. In an ante-room he found Joudar, to whom he communicated the message he had received.

"Now what do you suppose the queen can want with me?"

"Surely, my master, I know not. Mayhap she has fallen in love with you."

"I am not in a mood for jesting, sirrah."

"Pardon me, good master; for I own I did but jest. And yet," the humpback continued, more seriously, "I know not but that it may prove a serious jest after all. Our good queen, they say, is most ardent in her affections; and Heaven knows, she is slack enough in conscience. She is yet young, and thou art, by all odds, the handsomest youth in Palmyra."

"Cease thy nonsense, Joudar. I'll no more of it."

"I did not mean to idly flatter thee, my fair master. When I spoke of thy manly beauty, I but spoke the opinions of all who know thee."

"I meant not that, sirrah. Outward beauty is as God gave it, and as men view it. I meant thy foolish prattle of the queen."

"O, I beg your mercy, master mine; and I know thou wilt forgive me. Surely I cannot imagine what our royal mistress should want of you at this hour, or at any other hour. Mayhap she means to give thee a command in the army, or some post of honor near her person."

"Neither of which would I accept at her hands," cried Theodoric, emphatically.

"That's right, my master. If you have any such remarks to make, expend them all upon your slave."

"What mean you by that, Joudar?"

"Simply that the queen might not bear such flat refusals of her favor so calmly as I can. Woman is whimsical enough, under any circumstances; but, come to invest her with royalty, and her whims become pretty stern and stubborn things. However, it is not meet that a slave should advise his master."

"And yet," spoke the youth, frankly, "your counsel is good; and it comes almost as an echo upon counsel I have received before. But I must obey this summons; and, in case I should be inquired for before I return, you will know where I have gone."

"Yes," returned Joudar, "I shall bear it in mind; and I shall also use my own judgment in regard to communicating the information."

"Certainly. I only wished that you should know. I may not be gone long. It may be only some matter of business—some affair upon which she wants information—some record of my father's doings in the army,—something of that sort, most likely."

"Probably," said the humpback, as he smoothed down his master's mantle.

After this Theodoric returned to the apartment where he had left the eunuch, and informed that individual that he was ready to accompany him. The messenger, who had not been seated, turned and led the way to the street, being careful to draw his mantle closely about him, and to cover up the lower part of his face.

"Will you follow?" he asked.

"Yes. Lead on."

So the black pursued his way, and Theodoric kept not far behind him.

"Why do you not take the most direct route?" our hero asked, as his guide turned out from the great thoroughfare.

"Because we shall enter the palace by a postern," returned the eunuch. "This will lead us direct enough, and we shall avoid the crowd."

"What crowd can there be at this hour in the street?"

"There may be many officers about the great court. This is the best way, fair sir."

The youth said no more, though he wondered much at the circumstance. In short, he wondered at all that had transpired, and from this pondering mood he was not aroused until they reached the rear wall of the palace garden, at a point where a small archway was let through the heavy masonry, and secured by a gate of thick brass. Two guards were posted here, and at a sign from the eunuch they opened the way. Theodoric fancied that they were Nubians, and perhaps eunuchs; but it was too dark to be sure. Still he felt confident that they were private slaves of the queen, for their peculiar silence and circumspection betrayed this. After they had thus gained the garden their way lay through a labyrinth of groves, and arbors, and winding paths, until they reached another wall, which enclosed one of the rear courts of the palace, where they found another brazen gate, guarded by two more mysterious personages. As before, it required but a simple sign from the eunuch to open the way; and beyond this they had to pass but a narrow space before they entered a low porch, supported by marble pillars, within which sat two men. From the top of the arch was suspended a heavy lamp, by the light of which our hero could plainly view the guardsmen. They were blacks, sleek and fat, wearing white tunics and crimson silken sashes, each armed with a heavy Damascus sword. They started up as they heard footsteps approaching, but when they saw the messenger they settled back again, allowing their weapons to rest upon their arms.

And now Theodoric was led through many passages, some broad and well ventilated, while others were narrow, dark, and damp,—led on up marble stairs, through apartments of various dimensions—ever and anon meeting stout eunuchs, who were stationed wherever two passages converged, or where an apartment might be entered from two or more directions. At length his conductor stopped within a small room, the walls of which were finely colored, and where were marble seats made stationary upon the pavement.

"If you will wait here a few moments," said the eunuch, "I will send word to the queen that you have arrived."

The youth had framed several questions in his mind which he wished to ask, but he concluded that he should gain nothing by them, so he simply informed the messenger that he would wait.

As he was left alone there were some strange emotions and perplexing thoughts crowding through our hero's mind. If he had been at first surprised by the order to attend upon the queen, he was utterly confounded by the manner in which he had been conducted thither. Why had it been so secret and mysterious? Why had he been brought by ways which were shut up to all save the queen's own private household? Full well he knew that these Nubian eunuchs were the keepers of the monarch's private apartments, and that they were posted where no ordinary soldier would have been trusted for a moment. But his ponderings were as unsatisfactory as they were wild and varied, and he had not yet found any basis for calm reason when his guide returned.

"You may follow me," the latter said.

"Is it to the queen?"

"Yes."

"Who is with with her?"

"You shall see when you get there. Come—we have no time to waste."

"How, slave! Do you know to whom you speak? Be civil, if you please."

"Pardon me, fair sire," said the eunuch, obsequiously. "I spoke for my royal mistress."

Theodoric had been touched by the fellow's insolent haste; but he remembered himself as the words of chiding left his lips—he remembered that the queen's confidential eunuchs were clothed with more than ordinary power—and without further remark he followed the fellow from the room.

Presently the conductor opened a door of polished silver, beyond which was a heavy curtain. This latter the eunuch moved aside, and Theodoric passed in. He now found himself within an apartment of moderate dimensions, but the furnishing was beyond anything he had ever before seen of luxurious magnificence. The walls were hung with silken tapestry, heavily wrought with gold, and studded with precious stones; the floor was covered with a carpet of the finest wool of Scythia, as soft to the foot as a bed of down; the ceiling was high, and thickly set with stars of gold and rubies upon a ground of azure blue, the divans, the stools, and other furniture, were of sandal-wood and precious metals, elaborately covered and richly ornamented; while the light, which came from a cluster of large lamps suspended from a dome, was softened and subdued to a witching tone by rose-tinted globes of curiously prepared vellum. The atmosphere was laden with the most rare and exquisite perfumes, which seemed to captivate the senses, and reach the soul.

For a time the youth was almost bewildered by the scene; but he soon recovered himself, and remembered that he was not alone. He turned towards the head of the apartment, and there, upon a broad divan, with her gaze fixed intently upon him, he beheld the queen.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

RICHES.

A young man once expressed his surprise to Dr. Franklin that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with great solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who although in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most industrious clerk in his counting house. The Doctor, in reply, took an apple from a fruit basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave him a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See," said Franklin, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

◆

A FRENCHMAN, exhibiting some sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword which he assured his visitors was "de sword that Balaam had wen he would kill de ass." A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Ver well! dis is de one he wish for."

◆

FOOTE, on being scolded by a lady, said, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone: you are the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

ADVENTURES IN THE GREEK WAR.

BY A GREEK SOLDIER.

I was living in Smyrna when the war commenced; and, although quite a youth, soon joined the patriotic Greeks. I fought the Turks, by sea and by land, in Asia Minor, the Islands, the Morea, Albania and Macedonia, until peace was established, and our country obtained freedom after the battle of Navarino.

One of the most interesting incidents in all my life occurred in an obscure island of the Archipelago, after the massacre of most of its Greek inhabitants by the Turks. I was in a small vessel, lying in a retired spot on the coast, getting water, when, in the twilight of a pleasant evening, a poor man called to us from the rocks, which almost overhung us, and informed us that a number of his countrymen and friends, of different ages and both sexes, were concealed in a cavern, some miles inland, who had been so fortunate as to elude the vigilance of their blood-thirsty Mahometan enemies, but were in hourly danger of being discovered by them, and either made slaves or butchered in cold blood. Several of our ship's company immediately volunteered to go to their assistance; and it would be difficult to describe the joy and gratitude expressed by our poor countryman when we told him we would exert ourselves to the utmost for his friends, and risk our lives, if necessary. He solemnly assured us that our lives would be in danger, because the Turks were roaming about the island, and were ready to ill-treat and even to massacre any of our nation whom they might find, especially if they were armed men, capable of doing them any injury. This did not alarm us, however, and we soon set out. Our guide led us on with alacrity, and without deviating or hesitating, until, as he assured us, we had almost reached the cavern. We then began to move with new energy; but we suddenly heard the sound of voices a little on one side of our course, when our conductor shrunk back, with great alarm, and pulling those nearest him, said in a whisper: "Turks! Come this way!" We followed him into a thick forest shade, and wound among the wild rocks, wherever we could force a passage, and soon found that we had avoided the enemy without being heard by them. Coming to a spot where we could look some distance through the rocks and trees, we saw a decaying fire on the ground, and three or four Turks sitting near it, while others were lying asleep on the ground. As they were all armed, there could be no doubt that they were a party of roving butchers in search of more prey; and we now realized the extreme danger of the poor fugitives whom we were seeking to rescue, who could hardly have escaped discovery and destruction long after daybreak.

We then hastened on our way, agreeing that we would endeavor to surprise the Turks and cut them off at a blow, if we could arrange our movements so as not to expose ourselves and our friends. We soon reached the cave. It was large, and well protected from discovery, as well as a secure shelter from heat, cold and storms. The entrance was narrow, and shaded by rocks and trees; there were winding passages and dark recesses on every side, where men might lie concealed, and take intruders at every advantage. But we found the poor fugitives in no condition to defend themselves, most of them being women, children and old men, almost destitute of arms, in great want of food, and worn down by days and nights of wakefulness, suffering and fear.

Fearing that the sudden appearance of a body of armed men, though in the dress of Greek sailors, might cause unnecessary alarm, our guide was sent first into the depths of the cavern, to announce our arrival, and we followed him a few moments after. Such a scene as ensued I am wholly unable to describe. I can only say, that whoever has had a brother or sister, a father, or still more a mother beloved, may imagine in some degree the feelings which overwhelmed me, when I and my companions were addressed and embraced by the poor, helpless, terrified fugitives, and heard the wild expressions of joy which burst from some of them, and the sobs and broken ejaculations of others. One thanked us for his wife's sake; another for that of her children and their murdered father (many of their friends having fallen in a battle with the Turks); one uttered prayers to God; another was unable to utter a single word or to shed a tear. Such are the various forms in which strong feelings affect different individuals. It was impossible to bring them to sit quietly down and eat, although they acknowledged that they were almost starving. They insisted on setting off immediately; and, indeed, we felt anxious to leave the cavern, lest we might be discovered, by some accident, when we might be prevented from leaving it, and detained until the Turks could be brought up, to besiege and massacre, or starve us.

We were soon on our way; and never did hardy sailors display more of their proverbial tenderness of heart and heroic disinterestedness for the deliverance of the helpless, than on that night.

We found the way seemingly much shorter than before, and reached our vessel in safety. Our whole charge were placed on board, and orders given to haul the vessel out some distance from the shore, and to leave the boat in a small, dark cove among the rocks, where we might find it; a party of us having been formed, to return and surprise the Turks. Several of the rescued men joined it, being able to bear arms; and we started, with all the alacrity natural to men bent on vengeance. We approached their bivouac unperceived; and, while they were lying around the ashes of their smoldering fire in security, with one or two of their number sitting up as nominal sentinels, but apparently half asleep, we poured in a volley of fire-arms, and then springing in among them, *yatagans* in hand, made quick work of their total destruction, leaving not one of them alive. Then, after the example of our ancestors, as often referred to by Homer, we took the spoils. And our booty was considerable; for, in addition to choice arms and some articles of costly clothing, the Turks often carried gold coins in their belts, which they wore next their waists; and these we tore off, as a matter of course. The value of some single guns, swords and pistols was large; for, beside that materials and manufacture were highly superior, they were generally enriched with ornaments of silver or gold, sometimes massive and of great intrinsic worth.

We hastened away, however, and by an obscure path, for fear of being surprised in our turn; and day broke before we reached the shore. At one spot we found the bodies of several murdered Greeks lying on the ground, where they must have been left by the savage enemy some hours before. To our extreme distress we observed a boy, about eight years of age, sitting near, with a ghastly sabre-wound across his face. He had been cut down, with the rest of his family, and left for dead, but had afterwards revived. At the first sight of us he took us for Turks, and cried out, in a piteous, but musical childish voice—"Do not kill me, because I am so little!" We caught the sweet boy in our arms, washed away his blood, as it were, with our tears, carried him to the shore, loaded our boat with the spoils of the Turks, pushed off for the vessel, hoisted sail to the music of some of our patriotic songs, and then stood away for a friendly port, before a brisk and favoring wind, giving thanks to God, in union with our poor, rescued friends.

FAITH AND WORKS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Not what we think, but what we *do*,
Makes saints of us—all stiff and cold,
The outlines of the corpse show through
The cloth of gold.

And in despite the outward sin—
Despite belief with creeds at strife
The principle of love within
Leavens the life.

For, 'tis for fancied good, I claim,
That men do wrong, not wrong's desire,
Wrapping themselves, as 'twere, in flame
To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what he takes,
Uplifts us to the holiest hight;
On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
To diamond light.

From transient evil I do trust
That we a final good shall draw;
That in confusion, death and dust
Are light and law.

That He whose glory shines among
The eternal stars, descends to mark
This foolish little atom swung
Loose in the dark.

But though I should not thus receive
A sense of order and control,
My God, I could not disbelieve
My sense of soul.

For though, alas, I can but see
A hand's breadth backward, or before,
I *am*, and since I am, must be
Forevermore.

PERILS OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Among the early settlers of Kentucky, was a man by the name of James Kelly, who, with his family, consisting of his wife and two small children, removed thither from Westmoreland, Pennsylvania. Shortly after his arrival in his new home, where it had been his design to spend the remainder of his days, the incursions of the Indians became fearfully alarming. Almost daily the new adventurers were startled with the intelligence that a hunter had been killed, a family butchered, a dwelling burned, or a station had been assailed by the bold and merciless enemy; and what moment their own doom might be sealed, of course they could not know, and, as a consequence, remained in a state of constant apprehension.

News of this terrible state of affairs having reached the father of Mr. Kelly, in Westmoreland, he became greatly alarmed for the safety of his son, and finally resolved upon dispatching to him another son, to persuade him to return to the paternal home.

William Kelly, in quest of his brother James, set out for the wilderness in the Spring of the year; and, descending the Ohio in a large canoe, reached Maysville, Kentucky, in safety, and soon after had the pleasure of communicating with those he sought. Both the husband and wife were rejoiced at seeing their relative, and at once consented to return with him. Preparations for quitting the dangerous vicinity—if not forever, at least till more peaceable times—were accordingly made; and in less than a week, the whole party embarked at Maysville for the upward voyage; and also, with the party in question, two men, who were desirous of returning to the older settlements, and who were to assist in navigating the boat as an equivalent for their passage.

Though continually apprehensive, and on the alert for danger, nothing serious occurred to our voyagers for the first two or three days; but when some seventy-five or a hundred miles above their point of embarkation, and while quietly rowing along near the Virginia shore, they were suddenly fired upon by a party of Indians, who were concealed behind some trees on that bank of the river.

William Kelly, who happened at that moment to be standing up in the boat, was shot through the breast, and reeled; and his brother, with a cry of alarm, started up and caught him in his arms. But that act was his last; for the next instant another volley, accompanied with terrific yells, was poured in by the savages, and the spirits of the brothers passed the portals of eternity almost together.

"Oh, God! have mercy on us!" shrieked the poor wife and mother, as she frantically clasped her little children to her breast and sunk back, faint in body and sick at heart.

The two men, though almost paralyzed by the calamity that had so suddenly come upon them, now roused themselves to action, and, seizing the oars, rowed swiftly for the opposite shore, every muscle and faculty being exerted through the incentives of hope and fear.

The Indians soon renewed their fire; but distance had been gained meantime by the escaping party, and none of their shots took effect. In a few minutes, through the almost superhuman exertions of the two men, the boat touched the Ohio bank; and then one of the two, who had been almost frightened out of his senses, leaped wildly upon the bank, and darted away into the thick wood. To the calls of his surprised companion he returned no answer, but sped away like a madman, as perhaps he was, and was never heard of more.

"Well," muttered the other, as for a few brief moments he stood looking at the spot where his companion had disappeared, "life is valuable to every one, and it becomes us to take all reasonable care of it; but the man who deserts a friend in time of need, is a selfish coward, and not fit to live!"

"Oh, sir! Mr. Barker!" cried Mrs. Kelly, starting up wildly, as she comprehended that one of the two men, who should have remained to protect her and her helpless little ones, had ignominiously fled to save himself; "you will not desert me and my poor children, and leave us to perish in this awful wilderness?"

"If I do, madam, may God desert me!" was the assuring and emphatic rejoinder. "No, no, poor woman! have no fear that harm shall come to you ere it does to me. But we have no time to waste here! We must fly, on foot, through the forest, and endeavor to reach Gallipolis by daylight to-morrow morning, and the distance is a good thirty miles. The Indians will doubtless swim the river, and get upon our trail ere night, and then nothing but flight through the darkness can save us."

"Oh, let us fly then, ere it be too late!" cried Mrs. Kelly, leaping upon the bank as she spoke, with one child in her arms, and the other, a little boy of five, clinging wildly to her dress.

Mr. Barker caught up the little boy, and led the way, at a hurried pace, through the thick, tangled bushes that lined the shore, leaving the dead bodies of the two Kellys where they had fallen, and even forgetting in his haste to take with him either his rifle or provisions. On, on he went, tearing madly through the thicket to the more open wood; and close behind him pressed the poor widowed mother, half smothering her little infant, to keep its cries from drawing down swift destruction upon the whole party.

When some three or four miles had thus been gained, Mr. Barker, fearing the Indians were already on their trail, thought it advisable to pass down the bed of a small creek, even at the sacrifice of much valuable time. In this way the trail was so broken as to give any pursuing party much trouble and perplexity, and increase the chances of escape for the fugitives by more than double the time they had lost.

Soon after leaving the creek, however, and while passing through a patch of swampy ground, within sight of the Ohio, Mrs. Kelly, who was a few feet in the rear of her companion, suddenly uttered a sharp cry of pain; and on turning to her, Mr. Barker was greatly surprised to see her standing still, her eyes fixed glaringly on the ground before her, and her features perfectly ghastly with horror.

"Speak! what is it?" he hurriedly and anxiously exclaimed, but in a low, cautious tone.

"Oh!" cried the poor woman, clasping her hands over her infant; "I am lost! I am lost! Oh, save and protect my dear children, Mr. Barker, and God will bless you!"

"In heaven's name, Mrs. Kelly, what do you mean?" demanded the other, stepping quickly to her side, but looking eagerly about him the while, in search of a hidden foe.

"Oh, God help me!" cried the agonized woman, slowly sinking down upon the ground; "I am bitten on the foot by a copper-head!"

"Ah!" cried Barker, turning pale with alarm; "are you sure?"

"Alas! too sure!" groaned the other; "for the instant I felt his fangs I looked down and saw him darting away. Oh! what will become of my dear little children, when their poor mother is dead and gone?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma, you musn't die!—oh, dear, dear mamma, you musn't die!" cried the little boy, with a wild burst of grief, as he threw his little arms about his mother's neck, and kissed her fervently again and again.

"Oh, my poor little James! what will become of you and your dear little sister?" sobbed the agonized mother. "Your father dead, your mother dying, and you so helpless in this great wilderness, surrounded by perils! Oh, God help you! God in heaven be merciful to you! Ah, Mr. Barker," she added, turning to him, as, with tearful eyes, he stood motionless as a statue, looking down upon the heart-rending scene, "you will surely try and save my children! my dear, dear children!"

"I will try and save you all," he replied, rousing himself to sudden action. "You yourself must not die, and shall not through any fault of mine."

"Oh, think not of me! but fly with my little ones, ere it be too late, and leave me here to perish, as perish I must, sooner or later!"

"No, no, no, mamma!" cried little James, clinging as wildly around that fond mother's neck as if he expected to be rudely and ruthlessly torn away; "no, no, no, mamma! I'll not leave you, if everybody else does!"

"The wound is not necessarily mortal, though exceedingly painful and troublesome!" said Mr. Barker. "I have heard of several being bitten, who survived and are living yet."

"Oh, spend not the precious time in building up for me a false hope! but take my children and fly, before the pursuing savages are upon us all!" cried the almost distracted mother. "I cannot escape, whether you remain or not. Already I am suffering great pain, and the poisoned limb is even now swelling so that I cannot use it."

"But I cannot believe the wound will prove fatal," returned the other; "and the idea of deserting you is so repugnant to my nature, that I cannot entertain it for a moment. Oh, would to heaven that I had had the foresight to provide ourselves with food before quitting the boat! I might then have ventured to secrete and leave you long enough to go for help!"

"And why not do so now?" rejoined the suffering mother. "If the bite of the reptile does not kill me, I shall not starve to death under four or five days; and if I can be successfully concealed from the murderous savages, may I not hope that ere then you will return with assistance and rescue me? Oh, then, act upon that hope, Mr. Barker! and, with my little ones under your care, make your escape as speedily as possible!"

"Nay, I dare not trust myself with your children, under the circumstances," replied Barker; "for, burdened with them, my chances of reaching Gallipolis would be much lessened; and on my getting there quickly depends mainly your own hope of being saved."

After some further discussion of the matter, in which the little boy failed not to take the part of Mr. Barker—because of his deep and pure affection for his mother, and his natural dread of being separated from the only being whose love would give her life for his in this great cold world—it was decided that Mrs. Kelly and her two children should be secreted in a dense paw-paw thicket, not far from the Ohio, and within sight of where the party then was, and there remain, trusting themselves solely to the care of Providence, while Mr. Barker should push forward to Gallipolis and obtain succor in the shortest possible time.

As Mrs. Kelly was by this time unable to walk—the poisoned limb having swollen rapidly, turned a coppery hue, and become intensely painful—Mr. Barker lifted her in his arms and bore her to the spot agreed upon; and then, with many a kindly and hopeful word, spoken with a quivering lip and tearful eye, he bade her farewell, and hastened away upon his own perilous journey.

With the thoughtfulness of an experienced woodsman, which he was not—and the daring of a brave and noble man, which in truth he was—Mr. Barker, believing the Indians to be already in pursuit, hastened back to the creek, and thence to the point where the trail of himself and companions had been broken by the water. Here he joined the original trail, ran up the creek a few paces and back again, as if uncertain what course to take, and then, crossing the stream, set off through the forest as fast as his limbs could carry him.

This whole proceeding, however, was a *ruse*, and arose from calculation and not indecision. Should the savages follow on to where the trail was broken, Mr. Barker argued that they would continue the search up and down the creek till it should be found, and then the capture of Mrs. Kelly would be certain; but by showing indecision at that point, and permitting his own trail to again lead off boldly, he reasoned that the Indians, hoping to overtake him speedily, would follow on rapidly, regardless of the others, and thus he would draw the enemy away from those it was his hope to save.

The result proved that Mr. Barker reasoned correctly; for within an hour of his quitting the creek the second time, a party of a dozen armed and hideous savages stood upon the spot and made a hurried examination; and then, with a short, sharp, exultant whoop, they darted forward in hot pursuit of the man they believed to be almost within their grasp.

That same day, just as the shades of evening were stealing over the great, gloomy forest, the foremost Indian caught a glimpse of the fugitive, and, imprudently for his own purpose, announced the fact to his companions by a whoop and a discharge of his musket. Barker, thus warned of his great danger, immediately darted away, with the fleetness which fear lent to desire, and was saved from his pursuers by the darkness, which soon concealed both him and his trail. He travelled all night, regardless of anything except to put distance between himself and his foes; and in the morning, much to his horror, discovered he had lost his way, and that his chances of evading his enemies, preserving himself from starvation, and reaching Gallipolis were so few as scarcely to keep alive hope.

He did not permit himself to despair, however, but struggled forward with even greater energy, trusting all to Providence. He was doomed to many painful trials, but survived them all, and on the fourth day reached the settlement of Gallipolis in an almost famished condition. Here he at once related his thrilling story, and urged a party to set off for the rescue of Mrs. Kelly and her children, if haply they might yet be living. Volunteers in the cause of humanity were never wanting among the early settlers; and in less than two hours from Barker's arrival at Gallipolis, he was leaving it in a keel-boat, in company with thirty armed, determined men.

But, oh! the sufferings of that poor mother meantime, what pen or language can portray? Wounded almost unto death by the bite of a venomous serpent; the limb so swollen as to be useless, and producing the most excruciating physical pain; left unprotected, and chained to the earth in the great, gloomy forest, with wild, savage beasts prowling around, and equally wild and savage murderous human beings upon her track; her husband and his brother two ghastly, bloody corses behind her; her two little innocent children nestling to her bosom—the one sobbing with grief, and fear, and hunger, and yet ever and anon, with his little hands clasped together, and his eyes upturned to heaven, praying God "to save dear mamma, Jenny and himself"—and the other sleeping, nursing, or playing in innocent glee, unconscious of danger: with all this to rack the soul and body of the poor mother beyond the tortures of an inquisition—what, let us ask, but the imagination of a loving parent, can even faintly shadow forth the terrible misery then and there endured by that afflicted woman?

Still, while there was life there was hope. Mr. Barker might return with help, or a passing boat might give them succor. Each morning, after a long, terrible night of agony, was greeted by Mrs. Kelly as a day of deliverance. Every day the little boy was sent to the river's bank, to hail the passing boats; and when, weak with hunger and dispirited for want of success, he would return to his mother, and report that another boat had gone by, the crew of which, in answer to his feeble prayers, had reviled him as an "Indian decoy," that mother would still speak words of encouragement and hope, and declare, with a sinking, sickened heart, that the very next human crew would come to their aid.

Thus passed three horrible nights, and four horrible days; and when ghastly famine had nearly accomplished its fatal work, the good God moved the hearts of a suspicious crew to venture to the shore and learn the painful truth. Then they were all taken on board, treated kindly, and given food, and two hours later the rescuing keel-boat appeared in sight, took them from their first deliverers, and bore them to a place of safety. All survived their terrible trials; and from the lips of the children, in later years, were gathered the thrilling incidents we have so briefly chronicled.

THE NOBLE FARMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Agriculture is the most healthy, the most useful, the most noble employment of man."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

What Hero from the battle-strife,
With palms of victory crown'd,
Fame's clarion-music in his ear
From earth's remotest bound,
What Ruler o'er a Nation's love
In majesty sublime,
The first, the greatest in the realm
A king in Freedom's clime,
Returns to rural haunts to watch
His ripening wheat-fields wave?
A blessed gladness in his heart
That glory never gave.
Who, mid his acres broad and green,
Where plough-shares break the sod,
Prefers in sylvan toils to walk
With Nature and with God?
There was but One,—who thus retired
From conquests, power and pride,
For which ambition hath so oft
In madness striven and died.
There was but one.—Dost ask his name?
'Neath fair Virginia's sky
Go, find Mount Vernon's sepulchre,
And heed its answering sigh.

Hartford, Conn., March 20th, 1859.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

By I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROAD TO BOSTON.

"*I speke of many hundred yeres ago.*"—CHAUCER.

It behooves us now to look about us, and see what the other settlements, that surround the parent colony, are doing in these times. For so many ships have now come over sea, with so many hundreds of adventurers, that belike we shall find hidden in every cove and nook, wherever there is a good anchorage, as well as wood and water, a pilgrim nest, or nursery, of forefathers. Cape Ann begins to smell terribly of pitch and oakum; and is already overrun with a scaly populace, respectable, in numbers, at least. This is the bed and procreant cradle of the far-famed horse-marines of New England, that afterwards settled all the coast with sailors, whalers, fishers of cod, both of the big kinds and of the little, whose given names are Rock and Thomas; here, too, were first invented lobster and eel pots, and the noble game of props, before mentioned. To this settlement we can ascribe all that notable race of salt-water heroes, of whom we are so justly proud, who inhabit one of the largest sections of the great city of Boston, famous for morals and religion, now known as *North End*. A little south of Cape Ann lies the harbor of Gloucester, so named in honor of King Richard III. This has since became famous in history, as the birth-place of the original *sea-serpent*, from whom has descended that enterprising and valuable class of citizens known as *Yankee showmen*. Still a little further south, we discern Marblehead, so called in honor of its first settlers, whose heads were as round and as hard as marbles. Of them we have the famous old Massachusetts family of the Iresons, the forefather of whom, Floyd Ireson, has been lately promoted to a seat in the courts of the Muses—

"Here's Flud Orison, for his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble 'ead!" WHITTIER.

A few miles again from Marblehead we come upon the birth-place of those "secret, dark and midnight hags," the witches of New England. This is the pretty little town of Salem, just back of which lies Gallows Hill, where nineteen of them were hanged, and one pressed to death; by that mirror of Christian virtue, Elder Samuel Sewall, who—

"Sat on the bench of witchcraft courts,
With the Law of Moses—*and Hale's Reports!*
And spake the word of *both*, the word
That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
And piled the oaken planks *that pressed*
The feeble life from the warlock's breast!"

* * * *

"Samuel Sewall, *the good and wise.*
Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors *glorified!*"

There, my reader, you need not inquire where the poet was born that wrote that! He is one of our old boys—Whittier! a scion of the same old stock from whom I am descended—for was not Simon Bradstreet one of the Salem witch-craft council? But we spell our Whittier branch without the h. I ask pardon for this trifling *escapade* from the direct drift and ebb-tide of history; but it is as natural for a New Englander to boast and brag of his ancestors as it is for a child to turn to the breast that gives him suck.

To continue the description of Salem:—Salem has a world-spread reputation as one of the most hospitable of modern towns; indeed its citizens, from their constant practice of this virtue, have won the distinctive appellation of the Arabs of Massachusetts. One of our bards has thus celebrated its peculiar features:

"I went down to Salem,
To see the Muse-um,
They ax'd me there to tea
'Cause they knew—I *couldn't come.*
They ax'd me there to breakfast;
I went before daylight;
They said I'd come *too late,*
For they'd breakfast *over night.*"

Next to Salem we came upon Lynn, famous for wax-ends and shoe-pegs; Nahant and the Lynn Bard, the Homer of New England poets. Here, as we have seen, the cobbler, who was vicariously hung, took up his abode and calling. Inland are Concord and Lexington, once famous, but now lost in the splendor of Plymoutheism, and here is Cambridge, and Charlestown, clever little colonies, as betimes we shall discover.

Look you, my reader, if ever I have spoken up to this time of Boston! Chapter after chapter have I followed the early discovers, and yet no word of this famous city. And if we may believe the fabulous writers of these times, if we accept the Spanish, the Italian, the Portuguese, the French, the Dutch traditions, Boston is comparatively a very youngling in the family of discovery? The Genoese dates back to 1492, the Venetian to 1493, the Portuguese to 1501, and the Florentine who gave the continent its name to 1504. In 1506 the French claim the discovery of the continent. In 1512 Ponce de Leon falls in with Florida; in 1513 the Isthmus of Darien is crossed; and in 1521 South Carolina is called Chicora. In 1520 Magellan says he sailed through the straits that bear his name; in 1535 Montreal was named; in 1541 De Soto died on the shores of the Mississippi; in 1555 the Huguenots, under the patronage of De Coligny, discovered the River St. John in New Brunswick; and so we go, to the close of that century, in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh have each their little testimony of fiction. Then we come to the boasted expeditions of Gosnold and De Monts in 1600 and 1603; and of Champlain and of Hendrick Hudson in 1609, and then there is our own blessed little colony of New Plymouth, in 1620!

By the bones of the Bradstreets; by the buckler of Miles Standish; by Winslow's ruff, and Brewster's band; by the pill box of Dr. Fuller, our first family physician; and the gubernatorial seal of John Carver, our first executive officer; by the unsutured scull of Peregrine White, our first born; by the crape cap of his mother, Susannah White, our first widow; and by the white gloves of the same, who was our first New England bride, I will here parry the monstrous pretensions of Shawmut, Trimontaine, or Boston, to be considered as a pioneer in anything, or anywhere, in the new world. For am I not of New Plymouth! of an older, and a purer race;—a bud and blossom of the Mayflower;—of the elder stock; not of the modern usurpers, who have not, and never yet had, act or part with our pilgrim fathers!

And here I make an end of this book, in the year of 1859, with the intent to speak of the discovery of John Oldham's grant and the Boston settlement in the chapter that follows this.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

If there *is* a nuisance it is your boaster; a fellow whose stock in trade is his chance acquaintance with people of note, male or female; who speaks of them in the most familiar manner,—as if he were on the most intimate terms of friendship—on all occasions and without occasion;—calling a lady impertinently by her given name, in a saloon or restaurant, that his gaping auditors may infer on what a delightfully free-and-easy footing he stands with her; quoting, more times than there are seconds in a year, the *one* time in which he might by some accident have appeared in public with her; endorsing the same with knowing looks and grimaces, and "you understand, my dear fellow," to the great astonishment of some far-off worshipper of the lady, who, too modest even to seek an introduction to her, innocently exclaims, with uplifted hands, looking at the ill-bred, boasting pigmy before him, "*He* an intimate friend of hers! Lucky escape!"

The harm such creatures may do, where this species of viper are not understood, may be easily guessed. I say "viper," because such a fellow will not hesitate to sting, even while fawning; he will meanly solicit favors which your good nature grants, to repay them with shrugs and innuendos behind your back, where he thinks he can do so with safety to himself.

Every one who has made a success in the world has been bored and imposed upon by this sort of people. Lucky if the impertinence they return for your kindness has not so disgusted the person sought, as to make him or her suspicious of every new introduction. Lucky if it do not compel the naturally trusting, generous heart to miserly pittances of geniality and social feeling. Nevertheless, if you discover that such fellows have passed your threshold, show them the shortest way over it; they were always ready to sting you even while cringing, they can do no worse than that when you rid yourself of their presence.

FANNY FERN.

IMPERIAL ETIQUETTE.

Kings have been wont to bow only to those who wore crowns. That was part of the etiquette deemed necessary to uphold the regal dignity. But since the elder and great Napoleon put royalty at a discount, by upsetting the doctrine of the "divine right" of kings, crowned heads have been rather more condescending. And not unwisely, for judging by example, there is no telling when any one of the crowned brotherhood may not be glad, like Louis Philippe, to take an unceremonious place in the ranks. By a little anticipatory practice of democratic civility—let alone Christian and gentlemanly courtesy—royal necks will find it easier to bend in the inevitably leveling hereafter.

But it would seem from an incident reported in recent foreign news, that the lesser Napoleon is not willing to bend his Imperiality, if his uncle did bend the necks and break the heads of kings. A very amiable English nobleman, Lord Miltoun, being in Paris greatly desired to be presented to the Emperor; and as he had the misfortune to be minus legs, the fate of many a hero in old Napoleon's times, he was borne to the palace in a chair. Mortifying rebuff! the Emperor refused his presentation. What, should an Emperor of France receive a cripple? The Emperor stand and do the civil to a mi-lord sitting? The idea was preposterous, and so Lord Miltoun was trotted back to his hotel, to form his own opinion of Imperial Etiquette.

We think that, in the judgment of the enlightened, no crown can gather lustre in the nineteenth century by such an exhibition of "dignity." A *royal mind* would have delighted in the opportunity to honor itself by courtesy to misfortune. No regality was ever yet lessened or lowered by civility, which is as becoming to kings as to commoners. Louis the fourteenth, *Grande Monarque* as he was, would not have done so ignoble a thing. Louis Napoleon should remember the refuge and succor he found in the ranks when thrones cast him out, and insure himself against a possible future by doing nothing as an Emperor that would disgrace him as a man.

CONGENIALITY.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Congeniality! what is it but the genial sense of appreciation, united to sympathy, for which all the world is yearning? And well may mankind seek that inspiring, rejoicing influence. In a congenial atmosphere even a dull, contracted nature is vivified and enlarged, while a spirit that has height and breadth expands and developes beyond its own recognition. All its powers are vitalized and strengthened and called into their most puissant activity. The pulses beat tunefully—the brain has a sparkling clearness—discordant emotions are quiescent—a delicious serenity pervades the whole being, and the mantle of universal love envelopes all creation.

That state, sublimed and perfected, hereafter must be the condition of the blessed, for Heaven and its "many mansions" could not exist, unembraced by a sphere of absolute congeniality.

When a highly sensitive organization is thrown into unavoidable contact with uncongenial associates, a sensation of repulsion is experienced, followed by mental paralysis. All the utterances of the heart are suddenly repressed, and Eloquence itself becomes as tongue-tied as Cordelia. Frosty flakes creep through the shuddering veins—melted icicles drop upon the scintillations of wit, until not a spark flies up. And if this state of torpid wretchedness be prolonged, it reproduces the inquisitional torture of the iron cell that slowly but obviously contracted about a captive, until his very identity was crushed out.

Therefore is it that all hearts here below are longing for and seeking a joy-giving, peace-conferring sympathy. Some never find it through a long life, and grow skeptical of its existence—some hastily snatch at every spurious semblance, and soon sorrowfully discover that they have grasped at shadows; while the happier few receive all their conscious strength from the sweet certainty that they are journeying onward and upward *en rapport* with kindred spirits.

But, for this soul-refreshing congeniality to exist between individuals, similitude of character is not essential. Mental dissimilarity is often a more potent agent in its creation. A mind of great magnitude will stoop to look for sympathetic throbs in some lower, poorer nature. A weak or timid heart, that needs support, finds congeniality in contact with a strong, vigor-imparting intellect. A restless, nervous temperament delights in all peaceful and tranquilizing associations. A doubting spirit often attaches itself to one full of earnest faith. Thus, when the attributes, lacking in one spiritual conformation, are supplied by the abundance of another, a harmonious whole and perfect congeniality is the result.

But, proportionate to the happiness communicated by the satisfied sense of congeniality, is the danger with which its flattering counterfeit menaces. The mind whose thoughts we imagine to be in unison with ours—the heart that we believe is vibrating to our own with a quick comprehension of our aspirations—our disappointments—our griefs—our joys—has the power to obtain a fatal command over our judgment and volition.

Willis was not far from the truth in declaring that a woman is always in danger when she feels herself "*comprehended.*" Certain it is that the false and scheming gain their surest foothold in her confidence by successfully simulated congeniality, and the persuasive appearance of understanding the movement of that inner life to which no common eyes can penetrate. Sympathy is the talismanic watch-word by which they pass the sentinels of Reason and enter the unguarded citadel of her Affections.

To discover and touch with magical dexterity those delicate, invisible, sympathetic chords, is the secret of public power. Through them the multitude is fired—swayed—subdued;—through them the crowd reacts upon the master mind by which it is kindled and controlled, and invests that mind with tenfold might. The lustre of the most radiant intellect may be wholly extinguished, by the saturating agency of uncongenial surroundings, or it may be brightened to inspiration by the receptive power of sympathy.

A TRUE MANHOOD.

A true manhood is self-sustaining, and self-sustained. It depends upon nothing extrinsic. Advantaged by outward possessions or circumstances, it disdains to rest upon them or claim merit on their account. Lacking these helps, it does not sit down, fold the hands, and murmur at the partialities of fortune. Benefits and opportunities it accepts gratefully, and strives to improve them—not alone for itself, but for society also. Indeed, a true manhood implies every noble sympathy, every generous action, every lofty virtue, in the common range of life. A true manhood asks no special fields to display itself. It can every-day develop its nobility and heroism. Not a gracious word, smile, or act, springs to the impulse of its large, warm heart, to lighten human want or lessen human sorrow, but flashes brighter than a Toledo blade.

True manhood is firm and brave, as it is mild and gentle, and the best gentleman is also the truest man. Gentlest of the gentle was Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, but never sturdier arm bore lance or sword in defence of virtue, honor, right. Gentle of heart and courageous of soul—gentle in feeling and heroic in action—such are the Bayards; such are all gentlemen, all true men. They may be found in courts and camps, in universities and senates, but they also tread the furrow and dwell in the humblest cabins.

The estate of true manhood cannot be bought with gold, nor bequeathed by letters testamentary. In its essentials it is God-given. All other possessions being "of the earth, earthy," may be devised and inherited, but a true manhood is a divine, a heavenly gift. And if men at large only knew the greatness and preciousness of such manhood—how nobler it is in stature and power than all titular estate—they would honor and imitate it more. Manhood, sturdier manhood, is what society and nations want to make their foundations firm and their bulwarks beautiful and strong. It might lessen the world's pageants, but it would increase its grandeurs. When "life's fitful fever" is past, what can remain of man worth even a pitiful epitaph, save the memory of a true manhood?

GIRLS, BEWARE.

Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the addresses of a stranger. Recollect that one good farmer's boy, or industrious mechanic, is worth all the floating fops in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain round his neck, a walking stick in his paw, a three-penny cigar in his mouth, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless though fancy skull, never can make up the loss of a good father's home, a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while that of such a young man is lost in the wane of a honeymoon. 'Tis true.

THE TRUTH.—Shelton in one of his sermons says:—"An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported than another; so it is better to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

Our Only Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

Don't Expect it.—We are constantly receiving letters from parties whom we highly esteem and would be glad to oblige, but whose communications we cannot answer without neglecting (and thereby doing injustice to) vital matters of business. We are so loaded with labors that every moment of our time has to carry double. In fact, more work is imposed on us than four men ought to do. Therefore, we have no doubt that our friends, on giving the subject due consideration, will see how impossible it is for us to act upon our friendly impulses and answer their letters. Don't expect it of us; and don't send us any manuscripts.

MR. COBB'S NEW STORY.

We this week begin the publication of a new story, entitled "The Queen's Plot; or, The Prophet of Palmyra," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The story is an oriental one, and the scene is laid in a land and in an age that thrilled with adventure and romance. Indeed, the most common, every-day affairs were then and there romantic, while the plots of sovereigns and the wars of rival dynasties were carried on with a vehemence and recklessness and on a scale of grandeur which it is to be hoped will never be equalled in our day or in future ages. Mr. Cobb has skilfully availed himself of these grand and thrilling elements, and woven them into a Tale of unusual interest and fascination.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

In a monarchical State, high treason consists in plotting or accomplishing the dethronement or death of the reigning monarch. But there is a higher treason than this—the dismemberment of a great and free nation. Kings are readily—too readily—replaced;

> "A breath can make them as a breath has made;"

but for the tearing asunder of the ties which interlink and knit together the political, social and commercial interests of a powerful and prosperous people, there is no remedy. The consequences of such a disruption are self-evident; they are developed in the history of the past, and clearly set forth in the prophecies and parables of the Bible. And yet there are men among us unwise enough to profess a desire for the breaking up of this glorious confederacy, and who pretend to give us in figures the profit and loss of the question of Union or Disunion, and to strike a balance in favor of the latter. It would be charitable to suppose such narrow-minded arithmeticians mad. Let us assume that they are monomaniacs. It is more pleasant to believe that a few American *heads* are demented, than that any American *heart* is devoid of patriotism. Fortunately the national head and the national heart are sound. Putting patriotism, in its more exalted sense, out of the question, we know, as a nation of agriculturists, merchants, manufacturers, and workers of every class, that the interests of all sections of the Union are in reality a unit. Not one of them contains within itself all the elements of prosperity comprehended within our entire territory, and yet each of these elements contributes directly or indirectly to the advancement of every State, and consequently to the welfare of the nation.

To recommend disunion as a measure of *policy*, is to assert that thirty millions of people, now acting together in harmony, and having at their command all the material resources and means of intercommunication within the boundaries of this republic, would be better off if sundered into two separate and independent States, each deficient in some essential element of wealth and progress, possessed by the other, each legislating and engineering against the other, and each exerting, in the endeavor to forestall and injure its neighbor, a large portion of that energy and ingenuity which now inure to the common benefit. But the truth is, that a serious idea of dissolving partnership has never been entertained by any member of the great Republican firm. The masses everywhere are against it. Could the question "Union or Disunion?" be submitted to the people to-morrow, the result to be determined by their vote, it would be found that nine-tenths of our citizens, in the words of Webster, "know no North, no South, nothing but their country," when the vital interests of the republic are placed in the balance against the prejudices of sectional politicians.

A DISH OF TEA.

Tea has been denounced as a poison and sneered at as the beverage of scandal. If a poison, it is of all poisons the most dilatory in its operation. That distinguished *Boheamian*, Dr. Johnson, swallowed some twenty cups of it a day, for a period of nearly fifty years—say 365,000 cups in all—and as the cup of which all must drink was not tendered to his lips until his years were more than three score and ten, it may be inferred that the herb which "cheers but not inebriates," was not the *immediate* cause of his decease. Mrs. Thrale, who for many years was in the habit of supplying the Leviathan of Literature's enormous demand for the "mild infusion," died at an earlier age, but whether of tea or of the labor of brewing, dulcifying and pouring it out (if either), history has not informed us.

The popular idea that tea-drinking and scandal are necessarily one and inseparable, may be classed with a thousand other false impressions which go to prove that the sententious maxim *vox populi vox Dei* is an irreverent fib so far as matters in general are concerned, however veracious it may be as applied to the result of general elections. Ladies of a libellous turn—if such phenomena exist—who "blow up" their unconscious neighbors over a cup of "gunpowder," would probably proceed to greater extremities if under the influence of the strong waters and fermented liquors with which the gossips of the olden time were wont to solace themselves. The probability is that the price of the "divine herb" instead of stimulating scandal qualifies its pungency; turning it into what the homeopathists call *dulcamara* or "bitter-sweet." The expressions of sympathy with which censorious ladies, at their friendly tea-drinkings are said to interlard their strictures on private character, would seem to justify this opinion. The late Charles Mathews, the great comedian, in personating an old lady somewhat given to tea and traduction, used to illustrate very amusingly the influence of the beverage as a modifier of scandal. Having pretty effectually demolished the character of a "dear friend and neighbor," the suppository gossip after taking a few sips of tea, wound up with—"Ah! well, its a great pity, for really she's a very nice woman—*when she's sober*." A very neat specimen that of the *dulcamara* of tea-table detraction.

We say of a harmless squabble that it is "a tempest in a tea pot." What a compliment to the teapot! It is as much as to say that its vaporings hurt nobody. Who would think to pigmify the importance of a controversy by styling it a tempest in a demijohn or a decanter? No one, for we all know too well that storms from such sources, often eventuate in violence and bloodshed. But the mission of the teapot is pacific and benevolent. It is the Good Samaritan of domestic utensils; it pours (as Miss Pardoe might say in her oriental idiom) the balsam of consolation into the wounds of sorrow; and is a better antidote to the pangs of unrequited love than that usually prescribed remedy, an internal poultice of cold pudding. The fluent amber, fragrant beyond all spices, which streams like visible eloquence from its mouth, calms the nerves, elevates the imagination and cheers the soul. Were we a pagan the teapot should be chief of our household gods. As it is, we regard it as a beneficent institution, promotive and conservative of home sympathies and home affections. Nor should the tea-kettle be forgotten in this connection, although the tea urn has usurped its place in the upper circles. Parting the kettle from the teapot was little better than separating mother and daughter. The hissing substitute, with its heart of iron, is only a step-mother at best. The crickets never sing in chorus with it as they used to do with the old lady on the bars. We have an idea that there is a mysterious sympathy between crickets and kettles. Banish the latter and the former lose heart and chirp no more.

It must not be understood that in praising tea we mean to undervalue coffee. Coffee pots and teapots are equally estimable members of the same excellent family—in fact Sons and Daughters of Temperance. Let them divide the Empire of Sobriety between them.

"WHY NOT NOW?"

Pyrrhus was a man of great military genius, of vast energies and boundless ambition. To him might have been applied the fine description by Dr. Johnson of Charles XII., "the Madman of Sweden:"

> "A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers fright him, and no labors tire.

At his court of Epirus, was an accomplished Thessalian named Cineas, a disciple it is said, of Demosthenes, and the only orator of his time who presented a lively image of the force and spirit of his great master. He was an excellent diplomatist, too, so that Pyrrhus used to say that "Cineas had gained him more cities by his address than he had won by his arms." Cineas was of course therefore a great favorite, and could take liberties which would have been perilous for other people.

When Pyrrhus was preparing for his expedition against the Romans (an ill-starred enterprise, which ended with him very much as the Russian campaign did with Napoleon) Cineas one day quietly interrogated the king as follows: "The Romans are reputed a very martial people and control many warlike nations. If it please Heaven that we conquer them, what use, sir, shall we make of our victory?" "The Romans once subdued," replied Pyrrhus, "nothing in all that region will be able to stand before us. We shall immediately be masters of all Italy." "After we have conquered Italy," continued Cineas, "what shall we do next, sir?" "Sicily is at hand," said Pyrrhus, "and that fruitful and populous island will fall into our hands, a certain and easy prey." "Very probably," said Cineas, "and is the taking of Sicily to conclude our expeditions?" "Far from it," exclaimed Pyrrhus; "that success shall only be the prelude to greater things. We could not forbear adding Libya and Carthage, then within our reach, to our conquests. And, with such a power, what enemies will think of resisting us?" "To be sure they will not," said Cineas; "for when you have crushed Rome, subjugated Italy, and annexed Sicily and Africa, Macedon and all Greece will of course be compelled to acknowledge your sway. But, when we have conquered all, what are we to do then?" "Why then, my friend," said Pyrrhus, "then—— we will take our ease and enjoy ourselves." "*Why not do that now*," rejoined Cineas; "when we have all the means of doing so that we ever shall have, after we have waded through seas of blood and encountered infinite toils and dangers, besides having caused the greatest miseries to others?"

Pyrrhus was silent and thoughtful. He was struck by the force of the truth so powerfully and yet so delicately insinuated by Cineas. But his impressions were momentary. How few are drawn from the torrent of fatal passions and infatuated purpose, which is sweeping them along, by the voice, however powerful, of wise and earnest friendship! This man, endowed with so many splendid qualities, and among others, with a magnanimity as rare as his valor and genius, was driven on to ruin by the demon of military ambition. He embarked, with a magnificent army and fleet, on his expedition against the Romans, and after six years of fighting, with various fortune, was at last driven from Italy and Sicily, and was compelled to return, with shattered power, to his own country. That herculean frame at last received the fatal blow from a tile flung by the hand of a woman from the roof of a house in Argos, which (after having lost a son in the charge) he had just carried by assault.

Such was his realization of those visions of rest and enjoyment, which, like a pleasant and peaceful shore, ever seemed to be beyond the rocks and breakers of his stormy ambition.

That question of Cineas has for long years been ringing among the chimes of our memory. "Why not now?" "Why not now?" We all intend to be good, contented, wise, happy, after we have reached a certain age, gained a certain sum, carried out certain projects—but why not now? We have all the means of goodness, contentment and happiness that we ever shall have, even if we live as long and succeed as well as we hope. But success is very uncertain. Life itself is a vapor. *Why not now?*

HORROR-MONGERS.

If the public is not gorged with horrors it is no fault of the purveyors who furnish it with that kind of provant through the "live newspapers." They are prodigal of carefully elaborated descriptions of everything calculated to make the flesh creep and the hair stand on end. An unebbing tide of stabbings, shootings, poisonings, brainings, and hangings, rolls in upon us through the columns of the press. Graphic reports of all manner of atrocities are the order of the day. We are brought by the reporters into such close acquaintanceship with criminals that we seem to share their secrets as fully as their accomplices, to participate in their hopes and fears during their trials, and when convicted of capital offences to accompany them to the scaffold and witness their "taking off." Lest all this should not make a sufficiently vivid impression upon the mind and imagination of Young America, the "pictorials" make murder palpable, show how easily it may be perpetrated, and lend it, by the aid of art, a kind of fascination. There can be little doubt in the mind of any man of sense and observation, that the present style of reporting and illustrating criminal cases is well adapted to "teach the young idea how to shoot," in the literal acceptation of the phrase.

WHAT ABOUT CHEWING, THEN?

Not much. We addressed a few words to the smokers lately, because there is here and there a smoker who has the moral force to break away from the thraldom of his unclean practice. But what power can a paragraph have over a man who has got so far as to saturate his entire organization with the filthy poison—who puts masses of tobacco away in his mouth to soak, and soften, and exude nastiness by slow degrees, till the man's body, and the apartment in which he sits, and the atmosphere of his house, are penetrated and pervaded by the foul essence. Chewing? What right has a man thus to defile his own body—that body which is so delicately, so beautifully, so wonderfully made? What right has he to give himself a head-ache once a week, and a fit of ill-temper once or twice a day? What right has he to rob the hand that God has given him of its steadiness? his eye of its clearness? his skin of its purity? his teeth of their whiteness? his brain of its vigor? These things are not *his*; they are given to him only in trust, to use for good purposes, not to abuse and abase. Some very estimable men, we admit, are addicted to this habit; but we fancy they would lose nothing by abandoning the filthy practice.

ONLY THE HEAD-ACHE.

If ever the word *only* was an impertinence, it is so in this case. It is very well for you to be philosophical about it—you, who never endured it; whose heads might be made of wood or iron, for any intimation they ever give you to the contrary; you, who never felt the blood rush to the top of your cranium, as if it were on a wager to force up your scalp; you, who never carried your head on your shoulders as if it were some dainty bit of porcelain, which, in a fatal moment, might receive some annihilating smash, and you, for that very reason, were always doomed to get into bumping cars, joggling over uneven roads, or some new-fangled omnibus, with a low roof built with an express suicidal reference to your particular case, or *that* ferry-boat which, so sure as you embarked in it, came against the pier with a fore-ordained Jonah-ism, confirming your fatalistic ideas with stunning intensity.

You never had all the shrill-voiced, half-grown boys selecting you to rush suddenly upon round corners with a war-whoop which out-Indianed the Indians, and rang in your ears for days without any perceptible let-up. You who may, like me, adore low voices, were never doomed, perhaps, to be screeched at in the New York ne-plus-ultra-pitch, as if you were stone-deaf. You, to whom sorrow, indignation, disgust, went with locomotive speed to a little throbbing spot on the top of your head, till you could never tell why the heat engendered there by those emotions had not scorched your hair up; and who were always, for that reason, doomed to be kept in a beer-barrel state of ferment, how *dare* you say, "only a head-ache!"

You who never felt, perhaps, when, for a marvel, your pulse beat quietly, and your head was deliciously cool, a horrible conviction that, after all, it was but the deceitful lull before some distant but fast travelling whirlwind. You, who never spent your mortal existence in trying to find something in the shape of a bonnet, that would not by pressure, tell you more in five minutes about your "bumps," than any phrenologist who ever befooled a credulous public.

Perhaps you never sat and talked calmly, when you were so agonized with pain that the little red spot on each cheek seemed to send out phosphorescent sparks of fire beneath your eyes, or sat and wrote, till the letters mingled in one confused mass, and your pen, ink-stand and paper seemed dancing a jig before you.

Never, my friend "Only"—were you so blind with the pain of a long protracted day, which seemed doomed to have no ending, no cool, quiet evening, that when the sun *did* set (the usual signal for your deliverance) you were as languidly helpless as if you had just recovered from a long attack of fever; and on the next day had the tottering step, and trembling hand of extremest nervous exhaustion. You never smiled, with sad faithlessness, at the "unfailing recipes," which kind hearted people sympathizingly offered you for a thing which you felt was fixed as the Eternal decrees,—which a chance word or sudden disagreeableness might in a moment bring on, and which *would* then have its crucifying run for a set number of hours, though Esculapius stood at your elbow.

"*Only* a head-ache," indeed!—Well, there's some consolation to be squeezed out of everything. They who have such barometrical heads are never attacked by any other kind of sickness; and with this crumb of comfort I patiently bide my next attack. Still for all that, I should have a higher opinion of this world, if head-aches were curable, or if people wouldn't afflict my soul by saying, "only a head-ache."

Fanny Fern.

PROPERTY AND TEMPER BOTH LOST.—THE WRATH OF MR. McELRATH.

An exalted reputation, above a person's deserts, is a dangerous possession. When a man is reputed wiser, richer, or smarter than he really is, his situation is an unenviable one; for a fall, sooner or later, into his true position, inevitably awaits him; and falls are not pleasant. When a person bruises his shins he is quite liable to lose his temper also. Let us mention a case in point:

A few years ago the prosperity and success of the New York *Tribune* were generally attributed, in the main, to the sagacious management of Mr. McElrath, in the business department of the paper. Even the Rev. Mr. Parton, in his Life of Greeley, which had a great sale, took this view, and made it very prominent in his book. But all this the ultimate result proved to be fallacious. It was discovered that Mr. McElrath, so far from being a Rothschild, had given a direction to his business not only disastrous in its consequences, but which struck many persons as ludicrously unwise. He failed. He was promptly superseded, by a more competent man, in the Presidency of the Nassau Bank, which he had previously held, and was very properly deposed from his situation as publisher of the *Tribune*.

After a while Mr. McElrath tried his hand at another paper, as appropriate to the times as the weekly issue of an old-fashioned spelling book would have been. Having got knocked off the locomotive, he—perhaps prudently enough for him—essayed to drive an ox-team. We were solicited to advertise in this sheet. Advertise in it—post bills in an unfrequented back yard, instead of the thoroughfares of the great metropolis! Of course we declined. Hence the wrath of Mr. McElrath.

How does he manifest it? An author, a notice of whose book we refused to insert in the LEDGER, and who felt provoked at our refusal, fires off a little pop-gun, in some magazine, at the LEDGER; but even this writer has too much respect for public opinion not to cloak his malice. He interlards his strictures with many complimentary remarks. What does Mr. McElrath do? Copies the article, omitting everything that is favorable. Thunder sours milk; refusing to advertise sours the milk of human kindness in the breast of Mr. McElrath. Oh, the wrath of Mr. McElrath! Poor Mr. McElrath! Shins bruised and anger raised. Property and temper both gone! When backed up by the talent of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana he couldn't get along; what shall he do alone? Pity the sorrows and forgive the wrath of poor Mr. McElrath. We cannot advertise with him—shall we pass round the hat for Mr. McElrath?

Interesting Letters.—We have in our possession a number of letters by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Hancock, which we shall publish in our next issue. They are all unusually interesting, and *having never been published*, our readers will enjoy the first opportunity of perusing them.

Special Announcement.—Charles Dickens, who is universally conceded to be the most popular author living, has been engaged by us to write a tale expressly for the columns of the LEDGER. He is now at work upon it.

WHAT GOVERNMENT CANNOT DO.

Government in any country is a very important matter; but it is not best to fall into the mistake of supposing that it can do everything which the public welfare may require. It has immense power over life and property, and pretends to punish crime, and to educate the people, and to alleviate and improve the condition of the great mass of those who live under its authority.

But if any one will look closely into the matter he will be surprised to see how little government really does towards the promotion of the public good, and how largely the most important services to society fall upon the shoulders of volunteers. What, for example, in the city of New York, would become of the hungry and starving poor, but for the private charity which feeds and clothes them? What hope could we have for the ragged and houseless outcast child, if his fate depended on the action of the government alone? How many of the destitute sick would be relieved, how many of the despondent would be encouraged, how many of the young would be kept out of the ways of crime, if there were no agencies for the accomplishment of these objects but such as the government provides? The voluntary charitable and benevolent associations of this city are far more important to the welfare of its people, and do far more towards the improvement of their condition and character, than the whole force of its government with the millions of dollars which it expends every year. There is many a poor, obscure but large-hearted woman, whose labors for the good of the lonely and the deserted accomplish far more for the good of society than any member of the Common Council, with all his power.

The fact is, government after all is a very clumsy machine. It expends a great deal of energy, and a great deal of money, in accomplishing very little. It deals only with the external form, and cannot or does not reach the real spirit and life of society. It can hang a criminal, but it cannot prevent his becoming one. It can build prisons but it does not understand the most desirable of all arts—how to keep them empty. It can maintain armies and policemen to restrain violence, but it cannot instil into men's minds the temper which would render outward violence impossible. It deals with bodies, and outward acts:—it cannot reach *souls*, and affect the innate and essential character. This, which is much the greatest work of the two, must be done by the personal and voluntary efforts of individuals. And those who appreciate most profoundly the real wants and necessities of society, will feel the importance of keeping alive in the public mind a warm interest in these charitable and benevolent associations, which render services that government itself can never perform.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

[From Allibone's Dictionary of Authors—just published.]

Edward Everett, one of the most distinguished orators and scholars of modern times, was born in 1794, in Dorchester, near Boston, Massachusetts. * * * He entered Harvard College at the age of 13, and graduated with distinguished credit in 1811. After two years of preparatory study in the divinity school in Cambridge, he was at the early age of 19 chosen to succeed the eloquent Buckminster, by whose death the pulpit of the Brattle Street Church had been left vacant. As a pulpit orator Mr. Everett soon attained that distinction which he has invariably acquired in every department of life which he has successively occupied. An extract from a letter of the late Judge Story will prove interesting in this connexion. The writer refers to a celebrated sermon of Mr. Everett, entitled "Brethren, the time is short," delivered in the capitol at Washington, in February, 1820:

> "The sermon was truly splendid, and was heard with a breathless silence. The audience was very large; and, being in that magnificent apartment of the House of Representatives, it had vast effect. I saw Mr. King, of New York, and Mr. Otis, of Massachusetts, there. They were both very much affected with Mr. Everett's sermon, and Mr. Otis, in particular, wept bitterly. There were some very touching appeals to our most delicate feelings, on the loss of our friends. Indeed, Mr. Everett was almost universally admired, as the most eloquent of preachers. Mr. King told me he never heard a discourse so full of unction, eloquence, and good taste."

The following tributes from the same distinguished authority may perhaps be properly quoted in this place:

> "I thank you most sincerely for the high pleasure and instruction you have given me in this number of the [N. American] Review. I agree with you as to Mr. Tudor's book, and you have almost persuaded me you are right as to the Indians. If you continue to write thus powerfully, in such a strain of manly, vigorous sense, with such glowing eloquence, you will humble all of us, but nobly exalt the pride and character of our country."—*Letter to Edward Everett, Salem, January* 15, 1820.
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> "Mr. Everett, whom you may remember at Boston, made his maiden speech on this occasion, [Proposition to amend the Constitution; debate in House of Representatives, Washington, session of 1825–26.] It received very great applause from its manner as well as matter. He bids fair to be an eminent statesman, after having figured a considerable time as an eminent clergyman."—*Letter to J. Evelyn Denison, Esq., M. P., Washington, March* 15, 1826.

The reader will thank us for thus recording the testimony of Judge Story to Mr. Everett's eminence as a preacher, an essayist, and a political orator. No man more highly valued Mr. Everett's natural talents and ripe scholarship, and no man would have more heartily welcomed the great intellectual monument which he so well knew these talents and scholarship were capable of erecting. But we anticipate. In 1812, at the early age of 18, he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard College.

In 1814 he published a volume of about 500 pages, entitled A Defence of Christianity, in answer to The Grounds of Christianity Examined, by George B. English.

In 1815 he was elected professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Harvard College, with the understanding that he should spend some time in Europe before engaging in the arduous duties of this post. Whilst abroad he made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Jeffrey, Campbell, Mackintosh, Romilly, Davy, and other distinguished literary and political characters.

In 1819 he returned home and entered upon the duties of the Greek Professorship. In addition to his regular lectures, he found time to publish a Greek Grammar, trans. by him from the German of Buttman, and a Greek Reader, based upon that of Mr. Jacobs. We extract a notice of this portion of Mr. Everett's life, from Mr. Hayward's article on American Orators and Statesmen, in the London Quarterly Review for December, 1840:

> "Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachusetts, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar. At twenty-one, (the age at which Roger Ascham achieved a similar distinction) he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and soon afterwards he made a tour of Europe, including Greece. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best. On his return from his travels he lectured on Greek literature with the enthusiasm and success of another Abelard—we hope, without the Heloise."

He became editor of the North American Review in January, 1820, and in the next four years contributed to its pages about fifty papers, to which are to be added sixty more, written whilst the Review was under the management of his brother Alexander, and of those who succeeded him. * * * On the 8th of May, 1822, Mr. Everett was married by his old classmate, the Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D., to Charlotte Gray, a daughter of Peter Chardon Brooks, one of the leading men of Boston.

In 1824 Mr. Everett was elected to the United States Congress by the voters of Middlesex, Massachusetts, and sat in the House of Representatives for ten years. Upon his return from Congress in 1835, he was for four successive years elected Governor of Massachusetts, and at the next election defeated by only *one* out of more than 100,000 votes. In 1841 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and resided in London for about five years. Not the least gratifying testimonial of respect accorded to Mr. Everett in England, was the degree of D. C. L., by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and from Dublin. On his return home, in 1846, he was elected to the Presidency of Harvard College, and retained this honorable post until 1849, when he tendered his resignation, and was succeeded by Jared Sparks. On the decease of Daniel Webster, Mr. Everett was appointed Secretary of State of the United States, and in 1853 he succeeded John Davis as a national Senator. In consequence of the failure of his health, he soon resigned his seat.

In addition to the Defence of Christianity, already mentioned, and a number of occasional addresses, official letters, reports, &c., Mr. Everett has published, 1. Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions, 1836, 8vo. This vol. contains 27 speeches, &c. delivered from 1825–36. 2. Importance of Practical Education and Useful Knowledge; a selection from his Orations and other Discourses, (pub. in 1836,) N. York, 1847, 12mo. 3. Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1826 to 1850, 2d ed., Boston, 1850, 2 vols. 8vo. * * * *

The first oration which drew upon Mr. Everett the eyes of his countrymen at large was delivered at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, August 27, 1824. The occasion was one well calculated to call forth the eloquence of the young orator. He stood in the presence of much of the genius and learning of the land: of those who had written their names in their country's history, and whose fame was not confined to the vast republic which claimed them as her sons.

But the remembrance of the mighty dead would have proved a stronger spell than the presence of the living, had it not been that the companion of the departed, the brother-in-arms of the Father of his country, sat that day an honored guest of the chief estates of the land which he had aided to redeem. When the youthful orator had excited to an almost painful pitch the feelings of the vast assemblage who hung upon his lips,—when they smiled or wept, sorrowed over the past or exulted in the present, at the will of the master who carried them as he listed,—he suddenly turned to the illustrious guest who had seen so much of the rise and fall of human greatness—who had witnessed alike the destruction of a throne and the birth of a nation—and addressed him in an apostrophe never to be forgotten by auditor or reader:

> "Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features! Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed—the assurance that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion-in-arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the enemy that conquers all. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of the Potomac he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will meet not at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the dungeons of Olmütz, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome to our shores! and whithersoever your course shall take you, throughout the limits of the continent, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall give witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, 'Welcome, welcome, La Fayette!'"

* * * * * * * * *

An eloquent review of Mr. Everett's orations, by Professor Felton, will be found in the N. American Review for October, 1850, and an admirable analysis of his mental characteristics and oratorical style, by a distinguished critic, himself an orator of renown, occurs in the same periodical for January, 1837. We give a brief extract from the latter:

> "The great charm of Mr. Everett's orations consists not so much in any single and strongly-developed intellectual trait as in that symmetry and finish which, on every page, give token of the richly-endowed and thorough scholar. The natural movements of his mind are full of grace; and the most indifferent sentence which falls from his pen has that simple elegance which it is as difficult to define as it is easy to perceive. His level passages are never tame, and his fine ones are never superfine. His style, with matchless flexibility, rises and falls with his subject, and is alternately easy, vivid, elevated, ornamented, or picturesque; adapting itself to the dominant mood of the mind, as an instrument responds to the touch of a master's hand. His knowledge is so extensive, and the field of his allusions so wide, that the most familiar views, in passing through his hands, gather such a halo of luminous illustrations, that their likeness seems transformed, and we entertain doubts of their identity."—George Stillman Hillard.

Mr. Tuckerman also notices this remarkable power of adaptation to subjects the most incongruous, which Mr. Everett's mind exhibits in so eminent a degree:

> "If Webster is the Michael Angelo of American oratory, Everett is the Raphael. In the former's definition of eloquence, he recognizes its latent existence in the occasion as well as in the man and in the subject. His own oratory is remarkable for grasping the bold and essential; for developing, as it were, the anatomical basis—the very sinews and nerves of his subject—while Everett instinctively catches and unfolds the grace of occasion, whatever it be; in his mind the sense of beauty is vivid, and nothing is more surprising in his oratory than the ease and facility with which he seizes upon the redeeming associations of every topic, however far removed it may be from the legitimate domain of taste or scholarship."—*Characteristics of Literature; second series; The Orator: Everett.*

The introduction of the name of Daniel Webster gives us an opportunity of presenting a sketch, drawn by this eminent statesman, of the services and character of the subject of our notice:

> "We all remember him,—some of us personally,—myself, certainly, with great interest, in his deliberations in the Congress of the United States, to which he brought such a degree of learning, and ability, and eloquence, as few equalled, and none surpassed. He administered afterwards, satisfactorily to his fellow-citizens, the duties of the chair of the commonwealth. He then, to the great advantage of his country, went abroad. He was deputed to represent his government at the most important court of Europe; and he carried thither many qualities, most of them essential, and all of them ornamental and useful, to fill that high station. He had education and scholarship. He had a reputation at home and abroad. More than all, he had an acquaintance with the politics of the world, with the law of this country and of nations, with the history and policy of the countries of Europe. And how well these qualities enabled him to reflect honor upon the literature and character of his native land, not we only, but all the country and all the world, know. He has performed this career, and is yet at such a period of life, that I may venture something upon the character and privilege of my countrymen, when I predict that those who have known him long and know him now, those who have seen him and see him now, those who have heard him and hear him now, are very likely to think that his country has demands upon him for future efforts in its service."—*Speech of Daniel Webster at the first Anniversary Meeting of the Norfolk Agricultural Society.*

It is pleasing to know that the friendly, almost fraternal, relations which united the hearts of these two distinguished patriots were never disturbed by misunderstandings, nor chilled by estrangements. To this gratifying truth we have the annexed touching testimony. It occurs in a letter from Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, written but about three months before the decease of the former:

> "We now and then see stretching across the heavens a clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud, or mist, or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little schoolhouse in Short Street to the date hereof, [21st July, 1852."]

IDEAL AND REAL.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

IDEAL.

Some years ago, when I was young,
And Mrs. Jones was Miss Delancy;
When wedlock's canopy was hung
With curtains from the loom of fancy;
I used to paint my future life
With most poetical precision,—
My special wonder of a wife;
My happy days; my nights Elysian.

I saw a lady, rather small,
(A Juno was my strict abhorrence,)
With flaxen hair, contrived to fall
In careless ringlets, *a-la*-Lawrence;
A blonde complexion; eyes that drew
From Autumn clouds their azure brightness;
The foot of Venus; arms whose hue
Was perfect in its milky whiteness!

I saw a party, quite select—
There might have been a baker's dozen
A parson, of the ruling sect;
A bride's-maid, and a city cousin;
A formal speech to me and mine,
(Its meaning I could scarce discover;)
A taste of cake; a sip of wine;
Some kissing—and the scene was over!

I saw a baby—one—no more;
A cherub pictured, rather faintly,
Beside a pallid dame who wore
A countenance extremely saintly.
I saw—but nothing could I hear,
Except the softest prattle, may be—
The merest breath upon the ear—
So quiet was that blessèd baby!

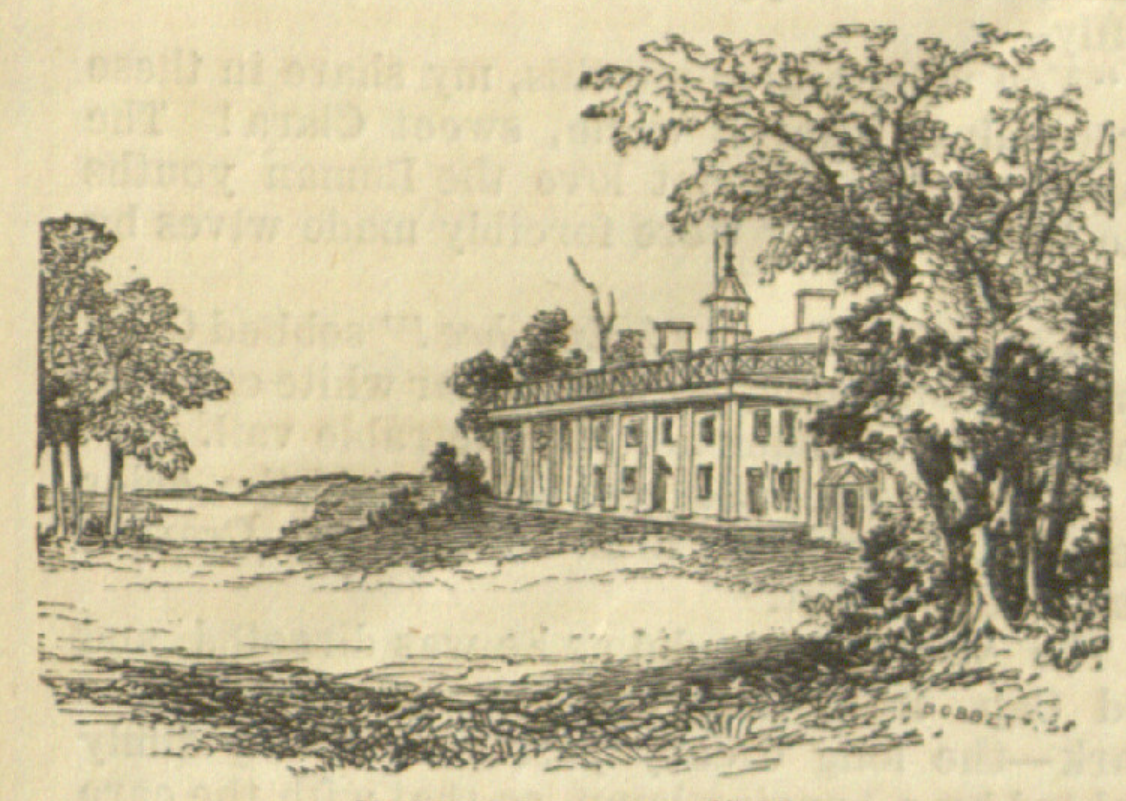
REAL.

I see a woman, rather tall,
And yet, I own, a comely lady;
Complexion—such as I must call
(To be exact) a little shady;
A hand not handsome, yet confess'd
A generous one for love or pity;
A nimble foot, and,—neatly dressed
In No. 5,—extremely pretty!

I see a group of boys and girls
Assembled round the knee paternal;
With ruddy cheeks and tangled curls,
And manners not at all supernal.
And one has reached a manly size;
And one aspires to woman's stature;
And one is quite a recent prize,
And all abound in human nature!

The boys are hard to keep in trim;
The girls are often very trying;
And baby—like the cherubim—
Seems very fond of steady crying!—
And yet the precious little one,
His mother's dear, despotic master,
Is worth a thousand babies done
In Parian or alabaster!

And oft that stately dame and I,
When laughing o'er our early dreaming,
And marking, as the years go by,
How idle was our youthful scheming,—
Confess the wiser Power that knew
How *care* each earthly joy enhances,
And gave us blessings rich and true,
And better far than all our fancies!



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's Motto.*

Number Nineteen.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRESS OF 1857.

PART II.

The view taken in the preceding paper best explains the periodical recurrence of a financial crisis—Origin of the term Panic—Its connection with seasons of pressure and distress—The only remedy is to keep out of debt—The abuses of credit the chief cause of great commercial revulsions—Long credits deprecated by distinguished financial authorities—The agency of banks in the dangerous extension of credit—Doubtful utility of a paper currency—Individual prudence must furnish the main protection—The soundness of these views confirmed by the manner in which the country is returning to a state of prosperity.

The view taken in the preceding number of the real cause of the financial distress of the year 1857, viz., the mountain mass of debt under which the community was laboring, will best explain the periodical recurrence of a similar state of things. The process of running in debt is, in its very nature, a growing one. It rarely stops while it can by possibility be carried on. With respect to what I have called the *personal* debt of the country, if the means of the individual do not enable him, in the first instance, to get through the year without anticipating the next year's income, he will, the second year, besides his current expenses, have a debt,—and soon an interest-bearing debt,—to take care of. Accustomed gradually in this way to live in part on credit, he soon begins to resort to it from convenience, as he did at first from necessity. Family expenses usually go on increasing,—the happy accident which is greatly to augment one's means never turns up; and the debt, which I have supposed averages at least three hundred dollars for every head of a family, swells till it is arrested by a forced liquidation, which comes sooner or later in the case of each individual, according to the extent of his ability to carry a debt.

The *business* debt of the country goes on increasing till it can increase no longer, by a still more certain law. If the business is what is called prosperous, the trader is tempted on "to enlarge the sphere of his operations;" which means to strain his resources still further; to buy and sell more largely; and of course on credit; his personal expenditure increasing all the while, and he himself often tempted into new fields of enterprize, with which he is unacquainted. The panic of 1837 and that of 1857 were both preceded by seasons of unprecedented activity in the business world. In the former year, besides a strange expansion in every other direction, the public lands were purchased in such fabulous quantities, that it became necessary to relieve the plethora of the treasury by a distribution of the surplus revenue! The crisis came however before the last instalment was paid.

In the year 1857, business of all kinds had been quickened by the influx of California gold, which gave a fallacious strength to the banks, and tempted them not merely to aid, but to stimulate, speculation. On this occasion, the West became again the great field, where golden visions of sudden wealth were to be realized. The stock of Rail Roads through tracts of country to which the Indian title was but recently extinguished, and town lots in pathless wildernesses, were sought with avidity throughout the older states. A few highest prizes in this lottery, drawn by "fortunate individuals," turned the heads of thousands, who dreamed of the same good luck, and awoke ruined.

But the business debt like the personal debt has its limits;—it cannot go on for ever. The time comes at length when borrowing must cease and paying must begin. An uneasy feeling begins to pervade the community. The banks and the men of solid wealth who watch the signs of the times with care, understand the portents. A crisis is perceived to be coming on,—and with the unerring, but not always wise, instinct of self-interest, the individuals and the institutions of the creditor class, seek, not to avert the storm, but to secure themselves from its fury. Further accommodations are now refused, credits contracted, loans called in. The ship is put under snug canvass, and men wait in feverish anxiety for the white squall to burst. It may come from a quarter and in a shape absurdly disproportioned in appearance to the effect produced;—as in the failure of the Ohio Trust Company the year before the last. The whole debt of that institution was a small per centage on the aggregate of the money transactions of the New York banks for one day; and yet, as far as any individual cause can be pointed out, its failure gave the alarm, which ended in the temporary prostration of the credit, and suspension of the business of the whole country.

But even the dictionaries teach us that it is idle to enquire into the cause of a Panic; that is the immediate cause;—the word is used to signify a great and general alarm, without any apparent adequate cause. In the oldest heathen mythology, Pan blew his conch shell, when the Titans were fighting with the gods. The audacious rebels had stood undaunted against the thunders of Jupiter, but they fled at the blast of this harsh clarion. Having succeeded so well on this occasion, Pan accompanied Bacchus on his expedition to India, where on a certain occasion he gave a wild scream, which filled the echoes of the mountains and put the enemy to flight. These old fables,—(what foundation of fact they may have had in the experience of infant humanity, who can tell?)—struck to the heart of the race, and have given a name to saddest realities in every period of history. Old dynasties have sunk,—mighty battles have been lost,—revolutions have been commenced by Pan-ic fears. One of the most authentic signs of the last dread consummation is "men's hearts failing them for fear;" and when this takes place, no form of disorganization and ruin is just matter of surprise. The cracking of a seat, or a mischievous cry of fire will, in an instant, set assembled thousands of intelligent persons frantic with terror, and cause them to trample each other to death, in their insane haste to escape from the building. A great, strong ship strikes an ice-berg, and discipline is sometimes instantly subverted; all hope of escape in the life-boats blasted, by the fierce haste with which they are lowered into the sea and overcrowded in the dismay of the moment, and hundreds of lives lost when all might have been rescued. Almost all the great battles of ancient and modern times, from Pharsalia to Waterloo, have probably been decided at last by Panic. Miracles of valor are performed by brave men, blood flows like water;—at length a wild cry is heard, on one side or the other, that all is lost,—and with that cry all *is* lost.

It is so in a financial Crisis; a cry of alarm is raised perhaps by a feeble voice, perhaps from an insignificant quarter; but its foundation, in the general state of things, is felt by too many persons to be just. All, alike the creditor and the debtor class, know that the country is staggering under a load of debt. Most persons in active business unite the two characters of creditor and debtor; and, either coerced by the necessity of meeting his own engagements or from the desire of securing what is due to him, every man demands payment at the same time, and general bankruptcy ensues. From a condition of careless and joyous prosperity, the community passes in a week into one of embarrassment, terror, and for too many persons, hopeless ruin. Individuals indebted to the extent of from five to ten times their capital; banks that have one specie dollar in their vaults, for from five to six of their deposits and circulation, are struck with the panic. All grasp at once at the means of paying their debts, and find the debts many times larger than the available means of payment.

What then is the remedy? Unhappily it is so simple, so destitute of all financial refinement, so much at war with the speculating character of the age, that the very mention of it will, with many persons, excite no feelings but those of pity and derision. It is just to *keep out of debt.* As far as personal expenses are concerned, live within your means. Leaving out of view a small class of exceptional cases, in which large future accessions of fortune can be depended on, your means will never be much ampler than they now are. If your trade, your business, your profession does not support you now, it never will; because you will generally find that your expenses will steadily increase with your earnings or your income.—Your family will grow, your wants will multiply, the standard of comfortable living will be constantly rising; or on the other hand, you will have sickness in your family, or some unexpected burden will come upon you;—in short if you get into the habit of borrowing and living on credit, nine times out of ten, you will never get out of it. You will live under the harrow all your life, and sooner or later be compelled to seek relief by painful and mortifying sacrifices.

So too of the business debt. I am well aware that the astonishing growth of this country in material wealth is ascribed by many persons to the great facilities which have existed for doing business on credit. Without intending at all to question the utility of credit rightfully understood and kept within proper limits, I would rather say, that the country has prospered, not in consequence of the facility with which credit has been obtained, but in spite of its abuses. The vast body of land within the territorial limits of the country;—its almost boundless means of internal and external communication by ocean, river, and lake,—the average fertility of much of its soil, and the abundance and variety of its staple products; its free political institutions; the energy and enterprize of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the yearly accession from abroad of an immense amount of adult labor,—these are the main causes of the rapid growth of the country. Facilities of credit have in some cases and under some conditions safely supplied the place of solid capital and anticipated its creation. But this advantage is to be offset by the ruinous public enterprises, and the untold amount of private bankruptcy, which have been the disastrous result of easy borrowing at home and abroad.

I heard a gentleman of acute observation and large experience say, many years ago, that he had made out two lists, one of a considerable number of farmers, and the other of merchants, starting with fair prospects in life;—the one class to live upon the produce of their farms, tilled for the most part by their own hands, and this under the comparatively imperfect system of agriculture which prevailed in the last generation; the other to take their chances in the lottery of commerce. At the end of the term for which the comparison was made, the farmers were the more prosperous body. None of them had become very rich;—a few only had wholly failed in life, and those few from causes not essentially connected with agricultural pursuits. The greater part had lived and brought up their families in comfort. Of the merchants, by far the greater part had wholly failed; and one or two only had greatly prospered.

I know of no circumstance so likely to produce this effect, as doing business mainly on borrowed means; keeping your all at the mercy of events, over which you have no control; the probity or the solvency of others; political influences at home;—the chances of peace and war abroad;—your own continued health; in a word, the innumerable contingencies of life.

Nor let it be thought that this idea of greatly limiting the use of credit is the mere theoretical fancy of a person, who knows nothing practically of the subject. The President of the Bank of Commerce in New York writing to Mr. Nathan Appleton in Boston, a few days before the suspension of specie payments in 1857, says "when will your banks confine themselves to short dates, and cease to encourage the pernicious system of long credits—credits ramified to the last degree, *from which spring most of your difficulties?*" Mr. Appleton in reply says "I have always been opposed to the system of long credits, but I recollect very well that it was in consequence of eight months being the established credit given by the New York importers, that we were obliged to submit to the same in our manufactures." These two gentlemen differed only as to what may be called long credits, and where the responsibility of favoring them rests.

The banks, of course, are mainly responsible for the undue expansion of credit, which has proved so pernicious. These institutions are created in many cases for the benefit of a few individuals, principally active in getting them up. Their capital is often to a considerable degree fictitious, paid in one day and borrowed out the next, not in the discount of business paper, but to be employed in speculations, wholly unjustifiable on any sound banking principles. Where a solid capital is actually paid in, a desire to increase the profits of the bank often leads it to push its accommodations beyond the limits of prudence and safety. In the month of January 1857, the banks of New York owed one hundred and four millions of dollars to their depositors and bill holders, and they had eleven millions of specie in their vaults.—In other words, they were carrying a fearful debt themselves, to enable their customers to carry one equally fearful. In a little more than nine months, under the influence of no assignable cause but panic, banks and customers in New York and throughout the greater part of the Union, were involved in one common bankruptcy.

Banks of deposit and discount, confining their operations strictly to business paper of short date, would no doubt be of great convenience in carrying on an active commerce. They would ensure the safe keeping of large sums of money; bring idle funds into active use; facilitate payments, and hasten the consummation of business transactions. But it may well be doubted whether banks of circulation, that is banks authorized by the states to create a paper currency, which, having no real value, is accepted by the public as if it were solid money, are not in the long run, an injury rather than a benefit to the community. They have directly and indirectly had the chief agency in causing those periodical seasons of pressure and distress, which have so often occurred in this country, and with such disastrous consequences to individuals and the public.

It must be admitted, however, that there is very little hope of a remedy. Although the public mind is probably almost unanimous in the conviction, that a National Bank, once deemed by many persons absolutely essential for the collection of the revenue and the regulation of the currency, is by no means necessary either for the government or the people;—there is not the least probability, that the states will forego the power of establishing local banks, and clothing them with the right to create a fictitious currency.—Such being the case, the country is too likely, in time to come as in time past, to suffer every twenty or twenty five years the enormous evils resulting from the inflation of credit, and the arbitrary expansion and contraction of a circulating medium, resting on misplaced confidence and not on a basis of solid value.

There remains then no remedy, but that not entirely efficient, yet still very important one, which each individual is able to apply to his own affairs. The man who lives within his means, will in prosperous times, pass through life, with as great a freedom from pecuniary distress, as our imperfect nature admits. Even he may suffer from ill health on his own part or that of others, paralyzing his activity or burdening his means, and a general stagnation of business may, by no fault or imprudence of his own, fatally cripple his resources. These are misfortunes, for which there is no help. They belong to the imperfections of our social nature; but even these will be resisted and sustained far more successfully by the unembarrassed man, than by one already staggering under a load of debt.

So with reference to business, no individual, however prudent, can place himself wholly beyond the reach of those frightful storms, that from time to time burst upon the trading community, with the fury of a typhoon, sweeping all before them to destruction. But even in times like these, the man who has contented himself with moderate gains, has kept his liabilities within his means, conducted his business on a substantial basis, and eschewed gigantic speculations, will be most likely to go through the crisis unscathed; and in all ordinary cases be successful and prosperous, in life; while those who pursue the opposite course, strain their credit to the utmost, and trade on a capital far beyond their solid property, besides leading a life of splendid anxiety and ostentatious care, are the most likely to be prostrated by the first blast, which sweeps over the country.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the justice of the foregoing views, both as to the cause of the distress of 1857 and the only security against the recurrence of a similar calamity, is confirmed by the manner, in which a partial recovery has been brought about. No new branches of business have been established, no new markets have been opened. There has been no fortunate change in affairs domestic or foreign, for the pressure was not caused by anything adverse in our political condition at home or abroad. It is not years of plenty succeeding years of famine; nor health returning after the visitations of pestilence. The change has been brought about simply by arresting the augmentation of debt, relieving the money market of gigantic borrowers, looking desperate concerns in the face and treating them accordingly;—in short by settling up old accounts. Great sacrifices have attended the process; but they would have been greater had they been longer delayed. If the country would learn wisdom by experience all would be well. But in matters of this kind, men seldom learn by any experience but their own; and that is apt to come too late. They gain wisdom and nothing else.

Baltimore, 4th April, 1859.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Fifteen.

OUR FIRST FISHING.

There is in the first experiences of life, the first hearty experiences of childhood, such a clear, full, and uncontrolled flow of pleasure, that we look back to them afterwards and wish, in later and riper life, that it were possible to have such simple and utter abandonment to our feelings. We go back to the scenes of childhood, and stand on the places that witnessed our early sports and joys, with an incredulous wonder. It seems more like a dream than a reality that we were once boys, capable of doing and being all that we remember.

We suppose scarcely a single person knows the locality called "The Old Saw Mill." It is on the river *Bantam.* Of course every one will know where that is.

Well, that was a day above all days when we were permitted to go a-fishing all by ourselves! Off we darted for the spade, and a ten year old boy might have been seen at work on the north side of the woodhouse, where the kitchen sink-spout made the soil very rich, digging worms with the most glowing industry. Then, with a straight line right across lots, we aimed at the *Old Saw Mill.* And not one step did we walk, and every step did we run, till the stony-bank was reached. There lay the pools of water nearly two feet deep. And there, hidden under projecting stones, lurked the longed-for fish. An alder pole was good enough in those days, a piece of twine was the line. Our hook was soon baited with a worm that wriggled in a manner most deliciously tempting to any well bred fish. With the most awful suspense we dropped the tempting morsel into the pool. Scarcely had it sunk to the flashing pebbles at the bottom, when a fish that had evidently been made on purpose to delight a boy's heart, darted out and seized the hook with such a pull as sent the blood through every vein in my body. The energy with which that fish came forth was such as to settle all question of cruelty. For such a violent jerk did we give, that the little fellow described a circle over our head, and was thwacked against the rocks with such force as to be dashed to atoms! But we had caught a fish! The thing was settled! A fish *could* be caught, and *we* could catch it. But a second and third endeavor resulted in the same way. The fish were *shiners.* They were as large as a man's finger, almost. And, when we went home at length, at least half that we caught had been dashed to pieces. How many times since then have we seen the same thing done in life-experiences. Men are so eager that they destroy their own ends. A parent is so roused up by a child's fault that he puts at him with such impetuosity that the boy is driven away from him, and refuses to be influenced.

A friend by gentle treatment might have been led out of an error, but intemperate eagerness only sacrifices him and his interests. If a man will have golden fish, let him go to the side of the stream of life calmly, put in his hook discreetly, and lift out his prey with an easy and even pull. But if he threshes back with full swing, ten to one he will dash his luck to pieces!

You cannot succeed in life by spasmodic jerks. You cannot win confidence, nor earn friendship, nor gain influence, nor attain skill, nor reach position by violent snatches. One sort of men lose by too much caution, another kind by too much eagerness. One waits too long, another does not wait long enough.

First get your fish to bite. Then see that you so land them that they shall be worth something.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XL.

CAP. FREES THE CAPTIVE.

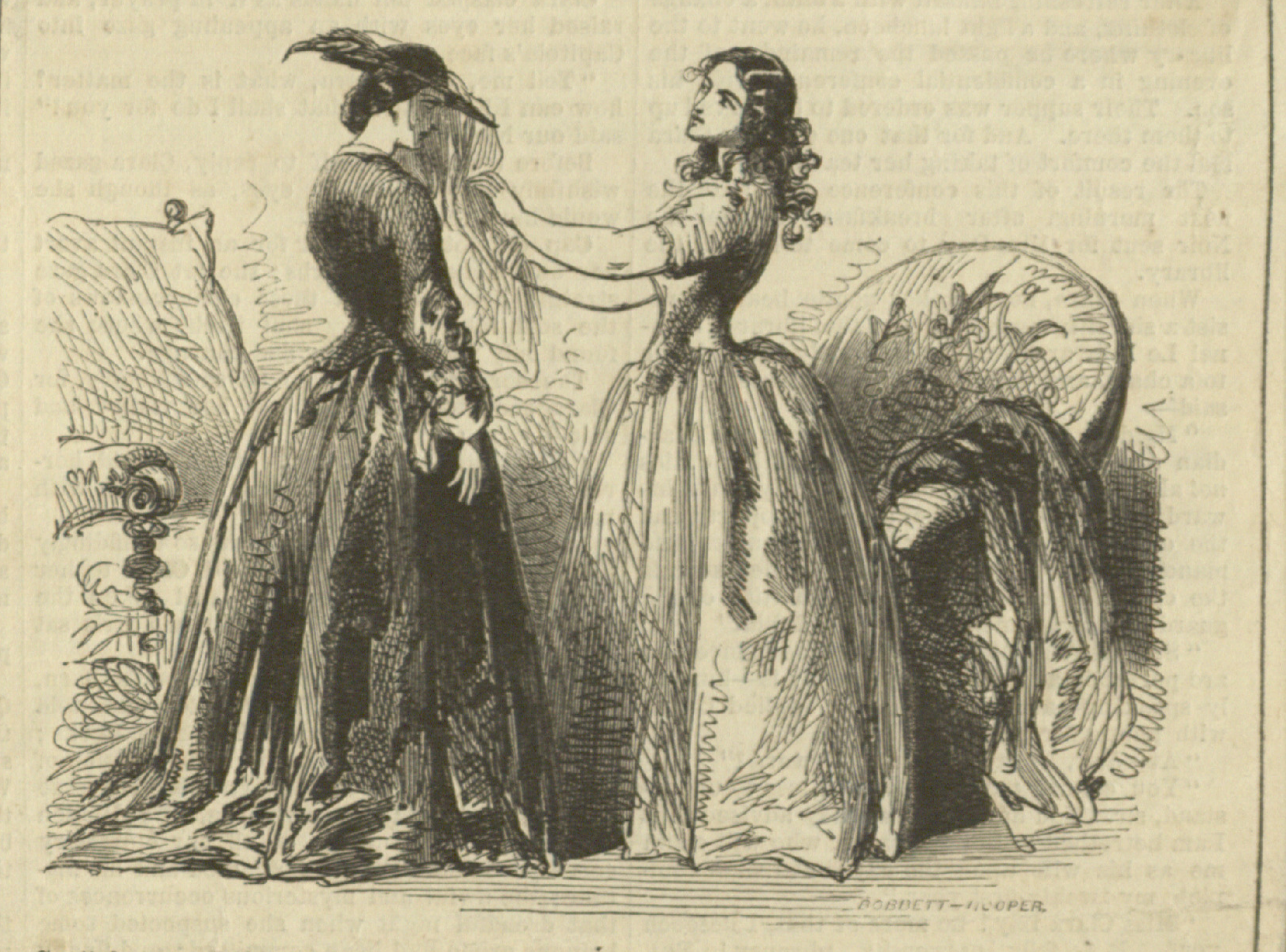
> Hold daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
> Which craves as desperate an execution
> As that is desperate, which we would prevent
> And if thou darest, I'll give the remedy!
> Hold, then! go home, be merry, give consent
> To marry Paris! Wednesday is to-morrow!
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

As the autumn weather was now very pleasant, Capitola continued her rides, and without standing upon ceremony, repeated her visit to the Hidden House. She was as usual followed by Wool, who kept at a respectful distance, and who during his mistress's visit remained outside in attendance upon the horses.

Capitola luckily was in no danger of encountering Colonel Le Noir, who since the night of the mysterious tragedy had not returned home; but had gone to and settled in his winter quarters at Washington City.

But she again met Craven Le Noir, who, contrary to his usual custom of accompanying his father upon his annual migrations to the metropolis, had upon this occasion remained home in close attendance upon his cousin, the wealthy orphan.

Capitola found Clara the same sweet, gentle and patient girl, with this difference only—that her youthful brow was now overshadowed by a heavy trouble which could not wholly be explained by her state of orphanage, or her sorrow for the dead—it was too full of anxiety, gloom and terror to have reference to the past alone.



BOBBETT—HOOPER.

Capitola saw all this, and trusting in her own powers, would have sought the confidence of the poor girl, with the view of soothing her sorrows and helping her out of her difficulties; but Miss Day, candid upon all other topics was strangely reserved upon this subject, and Capitola, with all her eccentricity, was too delicate to seek to intrude upon the young mourner's sanctuary of grief.

But a crisis was fast approaching which rendered further concealment difficult and dangerous, and which threw Clara for protection upon the courage, presence of mind and address of Capitola.

Since Clara Day had parted with her betrothed and taken up her residence beneath her guardian's roof, she had regularly written both to Traverse at St. Louis, and to his mother at Staunton. But she had received no reply from either mother or son. And months had passed filling the mind of Clara with anxiety upon their acount.

She did not for one moment doubt *their* constancy; alas! it required but little perspicacity on her part to perceive that the letters on either side must have been intercepted by the Le Noirs—father and son!

Her greatest anxiety was lest Mrs. Rocke and Traverse, failing to hear from her, should imagine that she had forgotten them. She longed to assure them that she had not! But how should she do this?—It was perfectly useless to write, and send the letter to the post-office by any servant at the Hidden House, for such a letter so sent would be sure to find its way—not into the mail bags, but—into the pocket of Colonel Le Noir.

Finally, Clara resolved to entrust honest Cap. with so much of her story as would engage her interest and co-operation, and then confide to her care the letter to be placed in the post-office. Clara had scarely come to this resolution ere, as we said, an imminent crisis obliged her to seek the farther aid of Capitola.

Craven Le Noir had never abated his unacceptable attentions to the orphan heiress. Day by day, on the contrary, to Clara's unspeakable distress, these attentions grew more pointed and alarming.

At first she had received them coldly and repulsed them gently; but as they grew more ardent and devoted she became colder and more reserved, until at length by maintaining a freezing hauteur, at variance with her usually sweet temper, she sought to repel the declaration that was ever ready to fall from his lips.

But notwithstanding her evident abhorence of his suit, Craven Le Noir persisted in his purpose.

And so, one morning, he entered the parlor and finding Clara alone, he closed the door, seated himself beside her, took her hand and made a formal declaration of love and proposal of marriage, urging his suit with all the eloquence of which he was master.

Now Clara Day, a Christian maiden, a recently bereaved orphan and an affianced bride, had too profound a regard for her duties towards God, her father's will, and her betrothed husband's rights, to treat this attempted invasion of her faith in any other than the most deliberate, serious and dignified manner.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Le Noir, that it has at length come to this. I thought I had conducted myself in such a manner as totally to discourage any such purpose as this which you have just honored me by disclosing. Now, however, that the subject may be set at rest forever, I feel bound to announce to you that my hand is already plighted," said Clara, gravely.

"But my fairest and dearest love, your little hand *cannot* be plighted without the consent of your guardian, who would never countenance the impudent pretensions which I understand to be made by the low born young man to whom, I presume, you allude. That engagement was a very foolish affair, my dear girl, and only to be palliated upon the ground of your extreme childishness at the time of its being made. You must forget the whole matter, my sweetest love, and prepare yourself to listen to a suit more worthy of your social position," said Craven Le Noir, attempting to steal his arm around her waist.

Clara coldly repelled him, saying—

"I am at a loss to understand, Mr. Le Noir, what act of levity on my part has given you the assurance to offer me this affront!"

"Do you call it an affront, fair cousin, that I lay my hand and heart and fortune at your feet?"

"I have called your act, sir, by its gentlest name. Under the circumstances, I might well have called it an outrage!"

"And what may be those circumstances that convert an act of—adoration—into an outrage, my sweet cousin?"

"Sir, you know them well! I have not concealed from yourself or my guardian that I am the affianced bride of Doctor Rocke, nor that our troth was plighted with the full consent of my dear father," said Clara, gravely.

"Tut, tut, tut, my charming cousin, that was mere child's play—a school girl's romantic whim; do not dream that your guardian will ever permit you to throw yourself away upon that low-bred fellow!"

"Mr. Le Noir, if you permit yourself to address me in this manner, I shall feel compelled to retire! I cannot remain here to have my honored father's will and memory, and the rights of my betrothed, insulted in my person!" said Clara, rising to leave the room.

"No—stay! forgive me, Clara! pardon me, gentlest girl, if, in my great love for you, I grow impatient of any other claim upon your heart, especially from such an unworthy quarter! Clara, you are a mere child, full of generous, but romantic sentiments, and dangerous impulses! You require extra vigilance and firm exercise of authority on the part of your guardians to save you from certain self-destruction! And some day, sweet girl, you will thank us for preserving you from the horrors of such a mésalliance," said Craven Le Noir, gently detaining her.

"I tell you, Mr. Le Noir, that your manner of speaking of my betrothal is equally insulting to myself, Doctor Rocke, and my dear father, who never would have plighted our hands had *he* considered our prospective marriage a mésalliance."

"Nor do I suppose he ever *did* plight your hands—while in his right senses!"

"Oh, sir! this has been discussed before! I beg of you to let the subject drop forever, remembering that I hold myself sacredly betrothed to Traverse Rocke, and ready—when, at my legal majority, he shall claim me—to redeem my plighted faith by becoming his wife!"

"Clara! this is madness! it must not be endured, nor shall not! I have hitherto sought to win your hand by showing you the great extent of my love! but be careful how you scorn that love, or continue to taunt me with the mention of an unworthy rival! For though I use *gentle means,* should I find them fail of their purpose, I shall know how to avail myself of harsher ones!"

Clara disdained reply, except by permitting her clear eye to pass over him from head to foot with an expression of consuming scorn that scathed him to the quick.

"I tell you to be careful, Clara Day! I come to you armed with the authority of your legal guardian, my father, Colonel Le Noir, who will forestal your foolish purpose of throwing yourself and your fortune away upon a beggar, even though to do so, he strain his authority and coerce you into taking a more suitable companion!" said Craven Le Noir, rising impatiently, and pacing the floor. But no sooner had he spoken these words than he saw how greatly he had injured his cause, and repented them. Going to Clara and intercepting her as she was about to leave the room, he gently took her hand, and dropping his eyes to the floor with a look of humility and penitence, he said—

"Clara, my sweet cousin, I know not how sufficiently to express my sorrow at having been hurried into harshness towards you,—towards you whom I love more than my own soul, and whom it is the fondest wish of my heart to call—wife! I can only excuse myself for this, or any future extravagance of manner, by my excessive love for you and the jealousy that maddens my brain at the bare mention of my rival! That is it, sweet girl! Can you forgive one whom love and jealousy have hurried into phrensy?"

"Mr. Le Noir, the Bible enjoins me to forgive injuries. I shall endeavor, when I can, to forgive you; though for the present, my heart is still burning under the sense of wrongs done towards myself and those whom I love and esteem, and the only way in which you can make me forget what has just passed, will be—*never to repeat the offence.*" And with these words, Clara bent her head and passed from the room.

Could she have seen the malignant scowl and gesture with which Craven Le Noir followed her departure, she would scarcely have trusted his expressions of penitence.

Lifting his arm above his head he fiercely shook his fist after her, and exclaimed—

"Go on, insolent girl, and imagine that you have humbled me! but the tune shall be changed by this day month! for before that time, whatever power the law gives the husband over his wife and her property, shall be mine over you and your possessions! Then we will see who shall be insolent! Then we shall see whose proud blue eye shall day after day dare to look up and rebuke me! Oh! to get you into my power, my girl! not that I *love* you, moon-faced creature! but I *want your possessions!* which is quite as strong an incentive."

Then he fell into thought. He had an ugly way of scowling and biting his nails when deeply brooding over any subject, and now he walked slowly up and down the floor with his head upon his breast, his brows drawn over his nose, and his four fingers between his teeth, gnawing away like a wild beast, while he muttered—

"She is not like the other one! she has more sense and strength! she will give us more trouble. We must continue to try fair means a little longer! it will be difficult, for I am not accustomed to control my passions even for a purpose! yet—penitence and love are the only cards to be played to this insolent girl for the present! *Afterwards*——!" Here his soliloquy muttered itself into silence, his head sunk deeper upon his breast, his brows gathered lower over his nose, and he walked and gnawed his nails like a hungry wolf.

The immediate result of his cogitation was that he went into the library and wrote off a letter to his father, telling him all that had transpired between himself and Clara, and asking his further counsel.

He dispatched this letter and waited an answer.

During the week that ensued before he could hope to hear from Colonel Le Noir, he treated Clara with marked deference and respect.

And Clara on her part did not tax his forbearance by appearing in his presence oftener than she could possibly avoid.

At the end of the week the expected letter came. It was short and to the purpose. It ran thus:—

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 18—.

MY DEAR CRAVEN—You are losing time. Do not hope to win the girl by the means you propose. She is too acute to be deceived, and too firm to be persuaded. We must not hesitate to use the only possible means by which we can coerce her into compliance. I shall follow this letter by the first stage-coach, and before the beginning of the next month Clara Day shall be your wife.

Your Affectionate Father, GABRIEL LE NOIR.

C. LE NOIR, Esq., Hidden House.

When Craven Le Noir read this letter his thin, white face and deep-set eyes lighted up with triumph. But Craven Le Noir huzzaed before he was out of the woods. He had not calculated upon Capitola.

The next day Colonel Le Noir came to the Hidden House. He arrived late in the afternoon.

After refreshing himself with a bath, a change of clothing, and a light luncheon, he went to the library where he passed the remainder of the evening in a confidential conference with his son. Their supper was ordered to be served up to them there. And for that one evening Clara had the comfort of taking her tea alone.

The result of this conference was that the next morning, after breakfast, Colonel Le Noir sent for Miss Day to come to him in the library.

When Clara, nerving her gentle heart to resist a sinful tyranny, entered the library, Colonel Le Noir arose and courteously handed her to a chair, and then seating himself beside her, said—

"My dear Clara, the responsibilities of a guardian are always very onerous, and his duties *not* always very agreeable, especially when his ward is the sole heiress of a large property and the object of pursuit by fortune-hunters and manœuverers, male and female. When such is the case, the duties and responsibilities of the guardian are augmented a hundred fold."

"Sir, this cannot be so in *my* case; since you are perfectly aware that my destiny is—humanly speaking—already decided," replied Clara, with gentle firmness.

"As—*how*, I pray you, my fair ward?"

"You cannot possibly be at a loss to understand, sir. You have been already advised that I am betrothed to Doctor Rocke, who will claim me as his wife upon the day that I shall complete my twenty-first year."

"Miss Clara Day! no more of that, I beseech you! It is folly, perversity, phrensy! But, thanks to the wisdom of legislators, the law very properly invests the guardian with great latitude of discretionary power of the person and property of his ward—to be used, of course, for that ward's best interest. And thus, my dear Clara, it is my duty, while holding this power over you, to exercise it for preventing the possibility of your *ever*, either now, or at any future time, throwing yourself away upon a mere adventurer! To do this, I must provide you with a suitable husband. My son, Mr. Craven Le Noir, has long loved and wooed you. He is a young man of good reputation and fair prospects. I entirely approve his suit, and as your guardian I command you to receive him for your destined husband."

"Colonel Le Noir, this is no time 'for bated breath and whispered humbleness.' I am but a simple girl of seventeen, but I understand your purpose and that of your son just as well as though I were an old man of the world! *You* are the fortune-hunters and manœuverers! It is the *fortune* of the wealthy heiress and friendless orphan that you are in pursuit of! But that fortune, like my hand and heart, is already promised to one I love; and to speak very plainly to you, I would *die* ere I would disappoint *him* or wed your *son*!" said Clara, with invincible firmness.

"*Die, girl?*—there are worse things than death in the world!" said Colonel Le Noir, with a threatening glare.

"I know it! and *one* of the worst things in the world would be a union with a man I could neither esteem nor even endure!" exclaimed Clara.

Colonel Le Noir saw that there was no use in further disguise. Throwing off, then, the last restraints of good breeding, he said:

"And there are still more terrible evils for a woman than to be the wife of one she 'can neither esteem nor endure!'"

Clara shook her head in proud scorn.

"There are evils to escape which such a woman would go down upon her bended knees to be made the wife of such a man!"

"Clara's gentle eyes flashed with indignation!

"Infamous!" she cried. "You slander all womanhood in my person!"

"The evils to which I allude are—comprised in—a life of dishonor!" hissed Le Noir, through his set teeth.

"This to my father's daughter!" exclaimed Clara, growing white as death at the insult.

"Aye, my girl! It is time we understood each other! You are in my power, and *I intend to coerce you to my will!*"

These words, accompanied as they were by a look that left no doubt upon her mind that he would carry out his purpose to any extremity, so appalled the maiden's soul that she stood like one suddenly struck with catalepsy.

The unscrupulous wretch then approached her and said—

"I am going now to the county seat to take out a marriage license for you and my son. I shall have the carriage at the door by six o'clock this evening, when I desire that you will be ready to accompany us to church, where a clerical friend will be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony!—Clara Day, if you would save your honor, look to this!

All this time Clara had neither moved, nor, spoken, nor breathed! She had stood cold, white and still as if turned to stone.

"Let no vain hope of escape delude your mind! The doors will be kept locked; the servants are all warned not to suffer you to leave the house! Look to it, Clara! for the rising of another sun shall see my purpose accomplished!"

And with these words the atrocious wretch left the room. His departure took off the dreadful spell that had paralyzed Clara's life; her blood began to circulate again; breath came to her lungs and speech to her lips.

"Oh, Lord," she cried; "Oh, Lord, who delivered the children from the fiery furnace, deliver thy poor handmaiden now from her terrible foes!"

While thus she prayed, she saw upon the writing table before her a small pen-knife. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened as she seized it—

"This! this!" she said, "this small instrument is sufficient to save me! Should the worst ensue—I know where to find the carotid artery, and even such a slight puncture as my timorous hand could make, would set my spirit free! Oh, my father! oh, my father! you little thought when you taught your Clara the mysteries of anatomy, to what a fearful use she would put your lessons.—And would it be right?—Oh, would it be right? One may desire death; but can anything justify suicide?—Oh, Father in Heaven, guide me! guide me!" cried Clara, falling upon her knees and sobbing forth this prayer of agony!

Soon approaching footsteps drew her attention. And she had only time to rise and put back her damp, dishevelled hair from her tear-stained face, before the door opened and Dorcas Knight appeared, and said—

"Here is this young woman come again!"

And rudely ushering in Capitola, she closed the door and retreated.

"I declare, Miss Day," said Cap., laughing, "you have the most accomplished, polite and agreeable servants here that ever I met with! Think with what a courteous welcome this woman received me—'Here you are again!' she said. 'You'll come once too often for your good, and that I tell you.' I answered that *every* time I came it appeared to be once too often for her liking. She rejoined—'The Colonel has come home, and he don't like company, so I advise you to make your call a short one.' I assured her that I should measure the length of my visit by the breadth of my will——But good angels, Clara! what is the matter? You look worse than death!" exclaimed Capitola, noticing for the first time the pale, wild despairing face of her companion.

Clara clasped her hands as if in prayer, and raised her eyes with an appealing gaze into Capitola's face.

"Tell me, dear Clara, what is the matter? how can I help you? what shall I do for you?" said our heroine.

Before trusting herself to reply, Clara gazed wishfully into Capitola's eyes, as though she would have read her soul.

Cap. did not blench, nor for an instant avert her own honest, gray orbs; she let Clara gaze straight down through those clear windows of the soul into the very soul itself, where she found only truth, honesty and courage.

The scrutiny seemed to be satisfactory, for Clara soon took the hand of her visitor, and said—

"Capitola, I will tell you. It is a horrid, horrid story, but you shall know all. Come with me to my chamber."

Cap. pressed the hand that was so confidingly placed in hers, and accompanied Clara to her room, where, after the latter had taken the precaution to lock the door, the two girls sat down for a confidential talk.

Clara, like the author of Robin Hood's Barn, "began at the beginning" of her story, and told everything—her betrothal to Traverse Rocke; the sudden death of her father; the decision of the Orphans' Court; the departure of Traverse for the far West; her arrival at the Hidden House; the interruption of all her epistolary correspondence with her betrothed and his mother; the awful and mysterious occurrences of that dreadful night when she suspected some heinous crime had been committed; and finally of the long, unwelcome suit of Craven Le Noir, and the present attempt to force him upon her as a husband.

Cap. listened very calmly to this story, showing very little sympathy, for there was not a bit of sentimentality about our Cap.

"And now," whispered Clara, while the pallor of horror overspread her face, "by threatening me with a fate worse than death, they would drive me to marry Craven Le Noir!"

"Yes, I know I would!" said Cap., as if speaking to herself, but by her tone and manner clothing these simple words in the very keenest sarcasm.

"What would you do, Capitola?" asked Clara, raising her tearful eyes to the last speaker.

"Marry Mr. Craven Le Noir, and thank him, too!" said Cap. Then, suddenly changing her tone, she exclaimed—

"I wish—oh! *how* I wish it was only *me* in your place—that it was only *me* they were trying to marry against my will!"

"What would you do?" asked Clara, earnestly.

"*What would I do?* Oh! *wouldn't* I make them know the difference between their Sovereign Lady and Sam the Lackey? If I had been in your place, and that dastard Le Noir had said to *me* what he said to *you*, I do believe I should have stricken him dead with the lightning of my eyes! But what shall *you* do, my poor Clara?"

"Alas! alas! see here! this is my last resort!" replied the unhappy girl, showing the little pen-knife.

"Put it away from you! put it away from you!" exclaimed Capitola, earnestly; "suicide is never, never, *never* justifiable! God is the lord of life and death! He is the only judge whether a mortal's sorrows are to be relieved by death, and when he does not himself release you, he means that you shall live and endure! That proves that suicide is never right, let the Roman pagans have said and done what they pleased! So no more of that! There are enough other ways of escape for you!"

"Ah! what are they? You would give me life by teaching me how to escape!" said Clara, fervently.

"The first and most obvious means that suggests itself to my mind," said Cap., "is to—run away!"

"Ah! that is impossible! The servants are warned; the doors are all locked; I am watched!"

"Then the next plan is equally obvious; consent to go with them to the church, and when you get there, denounce them, and claim the protection of the clergyman!"

"Ah! dear girl, that is still more impracticable! The officiating clergyman is their friend; and even if I could consent to act a deceitful part, and should go to church as if to marry Craven, and upon getting there, denounce him, instead of receiving the protection of the clergyman, I should be restored to the hands of my legal guardian, and be brought back here to meet a fate worse than death," said Clara, in a tone of despair.

Capitola did not at once reply, but fell into deep thought, which lasted many minutes. Then, speaking more gravely than she had spoken before, she said—

"There is but one plan of escape left! your only remaining chance, and that full of danger!"

"Oh! why should I fear danger? What evil can befal me so great as that which now threatens me?" said Clara.

"This plan requires on your part great courage, self control and presence of mind."

"Teach me! teach me, dear Capitola. I will be an apt pupil!"

"I have thought it all out, and will tell you my plan. It is now eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the carriage is to come for you at six this evening, I believe?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Then you have seven hours in which to save yourself! And this is my plan: First, Clara, you must change clothes with me, giving me your suit of mourning and putting on my riding-habit, hat and veil! Then leaving me here in your place, you are to pull the veil down closely over your face, and walk right out of the house! No one will speak to you, for they never do to me! When you have reached the yard, spring upon my horse and put whip to him for the village of Tip Top. My servant, Wool, will ride after you, but not speak to you or approach near enough to discover your identity—for he has been ordered by his master to keep me in sight, and he has been forbidden by his mistress to intrude upon her privacy. You will reach Tip Top by three o'clock, when the Staunton stage passes through. You may then reveal yourself to Wool, give my horse into his charge, get into the coach and start for Staunton. Upon reaching that place, put yourself under the protection of your friends, the two old physicians, and get them to prosecute your guardian for cruelty and flagrant abuse of authority. Be cool, firm and alert, and all will be well!"

Clara, who had listened to this little Napoleon in petticoats with breathless interest, now clasped her hands in a wild exstacy of joy, and exclaimed—

"I will try it! Oh, Capitola, I will try it! Heaven bless you for the counsel!"

"Be quick, then! change your dress! provide yourself with a purse of money, and I will give you particular directions how to make a short cut for Tip Top! Ha, ha, ha! when they come for the bride she will be already rolling on the turnpike between Tip Top and Staunton!"

"But you! Oh, you, my generous deliverer?"

"I shall dress myself in your clothes and stay here in your place to keep you from being missed, so as to give you full time to make your escape!"

"But—you will place yourself in the enraged lion's jaws! You will remain in the power of two men who know neither justice nor mercy! who in their love or their hate fear neither God nor man! Oh, Capitola! how can I take an advantage of your generosity, and leave you here in such extreme peril? Capitola, I cannot do it!"

"Well, then, I believe you must be anxious to marry Craven Le Noir!"

"Oh, Capitola!"

"Well, if you are not, hurry and get ready; there is no time to be lost!"

"But *you!* but you, my generous friend!"

"Never mind me. *I* shall be safe enough! *I* am not afraid of the Le Noirs! Bless their wigs! I should like to see them make *me* blench. On the contrary, I desire above all things to be pitted against those two! How I shall enjoy their disappointment and rage! Oh, it will be a rare frolic!"

While Capitola was speaking she was also busily engaged doing. She went softly to the door and turned the key in the lock, to prevent any one from looking through the keyhole, murmuring as she did it—

"I wasn't brought up among the detective policemen for nothing!"

Then she began to take off her riding-habit. Quickly she dressed Clara, superintending all the details of her disguise as carefully as though she were the costumer of a new debutante. When Clara was dressed, she was so nearly of the same size and shape of Capitola that from behind no one would have suspected her identity.

"There, Clara! tuck your light hair out of the way; pull your cap over your eyes; gather your veil down close; draw up your figure; throw back your head; walk with a little springy sway and swagger, as if you didn't care a damson for anybody, and—There! I declare no one could tell you from me!" exclaimed Capitola, in delight, as she completed the disguise and the instructions of Clara.

Then Capitola dressed herself in Clara's deep mourning robes. And then the two girls sat down to compose themselves for a few minutes, while Capitola gave new and particular directions for Clara's course and conduct, so as to ensure, as far as human foresight could do it, the safe termination of her perilous adventure. By the time they had ended their talk the hall clock struck twelve.

"There! it is full time you should be off! Be calm, be cool, be firm, and God bless you, Clara! Dear girl! if I were only a young man, I would deliver you by the strength of my own arm, without subjecting you to inconvenience or danger!" said Cap., gallantly, as she led Clara to the chamber door, and carefully gathered her thick veil in close folds over her face, so as entirely to conceal it.

"Oh, may the Lord in Heaven bless and preserve and reward you, my brave! my noble! my heroic Capitola!" said Clara, fervently, with the tears rushing to her eyes.

"Bosh!" said Cap. "If you go doing the sentimental you won't look like me a bit, and that will spoil all. There! keep your veil close, for it's windy, you know; throw back your head, and fling yourself along with a swagger, as if you didn't care a—hem! for anybody, and—there you are!" said Cap., pushing Clara out and shutting the door behind her.

Clara paused an instant to offer up one short fervent prayer for her success and Capitola's safety, and then following her instructions, went on.

Nearly all girls are clever imitators, and Clara readily adopted Capitola's light, springy, swaying walk, and met old Dorcas Knight in the hall, without exciting the slightest suspicion of her identity.

"Humph!" said the woman; "so you are going! I advise you not to come back again!"

Clara threw up her head with a swagger, and went on.

"Very well! you may scorn my words! but if you know your own good, you'll follow my advice!" said Dorcas Knight, harshly.

Clara flung up her head and passed out.

Before the door Wool was waiting with the horses. Keeping her face closely muffled, Clara went to Capitola's pony. Wool came and helped her into the saddle, saying—

"Yer does right, Miss Cap., to keep your face kivered! it's awful windy, ain't it though? I kin scarcely keep the har from blowing offen my head."

With an impatient jerk after the manner of Capitola, Clara signified that she did not wish to converse. Wool dropped obediently behind, mounted his horse, and followed at a respectful distance, until Clara turned her horse's head and took the bridle-path towards Tip Top. This move filled poor Wool with dismay. Riding towards her, he exclaimed—

"'Deed, Miss Cap., yer mus' scuse me for speakin' now! Whar de muschief *is* yer a goin' to?"

For all answer Clara, feigning the temper of Capitola, suddenly wheeled her horse, elevated her riding whip, and gallopped upon Wool in a threatening manner.

Wool dodged and backed his horse with all possible expedition—exclaiming in consternation—

"Dar! Dar, Miss Cap., I won't go for to ax you any more questions—no—not if yer rides straight to Old Nick or Black Donald!"

Whereupon receiving this apology in good part, Clara again turned her horse's head and rode on her way.

Wool followed, bemoaning the destiny that kept him between the two fierce fires of his old master's despotism and his young mistress's caprice, and muttering—

"I know old marse and dis young gal am goin' to be the death of me! I knows it jes' as well as nuffin at all! I 'clare to man, if it aint nuff to make anybody go heave themselves right into a grist mill and be ground up at once!"

Wool spoke no more until they got to Tip Top, when Clara, still closely veiled, rode up to the stage office just as the coach, half filled with passengers, was about to start. Springing from her horse, she went up to Wool and said—

"Here, man, take this horse back to Hurricane Hall! Tell Major Warfield that Miss Black remains at the Hidden House in imminent danger! Ask him to ride there and bring her home! Tell Miss Black when you see her, that I reached Tip Top safe and in time to take the coach. Tell her I will never cease to be grateful! And now, here is a half eagle for your trouble! Good-bye, and God bless you!" And she put the piece in his hand and took her place in the coach, which immediately started.

As for Wool!!!—From the time that Clara had thrown aside her veil and began to speak to him, he had stood staring and staring—his consternation growing and growing—until it had seemed to have turned him into stone—from which state of petrifaction he did not recover until he saw the stage coach roll rapidly away, carrying off—whom?—Capitola, Clara, or the Evil One?—Wool could not have told which! He presently astounded the people about the stage office by leaving his horses and taking to his heels after the stage coach, vociferating—

"Murder! murder! help! help! stop thief! stop thief! stop the coach! stop the coach!"

"What is the matter, man?" said a constable, trying to head him.

But Wool incontinently ran over that officer, throwing him down and keeping on his headlong course, hat off, coat-tail streaming, and legs and arms flying like the sails of a windmill, as he tried to overtake the coach, crying—

"Help! Murder! Head the horses! Stop the coach! Ole Marse told me not to loose sight of her! Oh, for hebben's sake, good people, stop the coach!"

When he got to a gate, instead of taking time to open it he rolled himself summerset-like right over it! When he met man or woman, instead of turning from his straight course, he knocked them over and passed on, garments flying, and legs and arms circulating with the velocity of a wheel!

The people whom he successively met and overthrown in his course, picking themselves up, and getting into the village, reported that there was a furious madman broke lose, who attacked every one he met.

And soon every man and boy in the village who could mount a horse started in hot pursuit. *Only* race horses would have beaten the speed with which Wool ran, urged on by fear. It was nine miles on the turnpike road from Tip Top, that the horsemen overtook and surrounded Wool, who seeing himself hopelessly environed fell down upon the ground and rolled and kicked, swearing that he would not be taken alive to have his eyelids cut off!

It was not until after a desperate resistance that he was finally taken, bound, put in a wagon and carried back to the village, where he was recognized, as Major Warfield's man, and a messenger was despatched for his master.

And not until he had been repeatedly assured that no harm should befall him, did Wool gain composure enough to say, amid tears of cruel grief and fear:

"Oh, marsers! my young missuss, Miss Black, done been conjured and bewitched and turned into somebody else, right afore my own two looking eyes! and gone off in dat coach! 'deed she is! and ole marse kill me! 'deed he will, gemmen! He went and ordered me not to take my eyes offen her, and no more I didn't! But what good that do, when she turned to somebody else, and went off right afore my two looking eyes! But ole marse won't listen to reason! He kill me, I know he will!" whimpered Wool, refusing to be comforted.

CHAPTER XLI.

CAP. IN CAPTIVITY.

I lingered here and rescue planned
For Clara and for me. SCOTT.

Meanwhile how fared it with Capitola in the Hidden House?

"I am in for it now!" said Cap., as she closed the door behind Clara; "I am in for it now! This *is* a jolly imprudent adventure! What will Wool do when he discovers that he has 'lost sight' of me? What will uncle say when he finds out what I've done? Whe—ew! Uncle will explode! I wonder if the walls at Hurricane Hall will be strong enough to stand it? Wool will go mad! I doubt if he will ever do a bit more good in this world!

"But above all, I wonder what the Le Noirs, father and son, WILL say when they find that the heiress is flown, and a 'beggar,' as uncle flatters me by calling me, will be here in her place! Whe—ew—ew—ew! There will be a tornado! Cap., child, they'll murder you! that's just what they'll do! They'll kill and eat you, Cap., without any salt! or they may lock you up in the haunted room to live with the ghost, Cap., and that would be worse.

"Hush! here comes Dorcas Knight! Now I must make believe I'm Clara, and do the sentimental up brown!" concluded Capitola, as she seated herself near the door where she could be heard, and began to sob softly.

Dorcas rapped.

Cap. sobbed in response.

"Are you coming to luncheon, Miss Day?" inquired the woman.

"Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* I do not want to eat," sobbed Cap., in a low and smothered voice. Any one would have thought she was drowned in tears.

"Very well—just as you like," said the woman, harshly, as she went away.

"Well, I declare," laughed Cap., I did that quite as well as an actress could! But now what am I to do? How long can I keep this up? Heigh-ho! 'let the world slide!' I'll not reveal myself until I'm driven to it, for when I do—! Cap., child, you'll get chawed right up!"

A little later in the day Dorcas Knight came again, and rapped at the door.

"Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!*" sobbed Cap.

"Miss Day, your cousin, Craven Le Noir, wishes to speak with you alone."

"Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* I cannot see him," sobbed Cap., in a low and suffocating voice.

The woman went away, and Cap. suffered no other interruption until six o'clock, when Dorcas Knight once more rapped, saying—

"Miss Day, your uncle is at the front door with the carriage, and he wishes to know if you are ready to obey him."

"Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!*—te—te—tell him yes!" sobbed Cap., as if her heart would break.

The woman went off with this answer, and Capitola hastily enveloped her form in Clara's large black shawl, put on Clara's black bonnet, and tied her thick mourning vail closely over her face.

"A pretty bridal dress this! but however, I suppose these men are no more particular about my costume than they are about their own conduct," said Cap.

She had just drawn on her gloves when she heard the footsteps of two men approaching. They rapped at the door.

"Come in," she sobbed, in a low, broken voice, that might have belonged to any girl in deep distress, and she put a white cambric handkerchief up to her eyes and drew her thick vail closely over her face.

The two Le Noirs immediately entered the room. Craven approached her and whispered softly—

"You will forgive me this, my share in these proceedings after a while, sweet Clara! The Sabine women did not love the Roman youths the less that they were forcibly made wives by them."

"Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!* Ee—*hee!*" sobbed Cap., entirely concealing her face in her white cambric handkerchief under her impenetrable vail.

"Come, come! we lose time," said the elder Le Noir. "Draw her arm within yours, Craven, and lead her out."

The young man did as he was directed, and led Cap. from the room. It was now quite dark—the long dreary passage was only dimly lighted by a hanging lamp, so that with the care she took there was scarcely a possibility of Capitola's being discovered. They went on, Craven Le Noir whispering hypocritical apologies, and Cap. replying only by low sobs.

When they reached the outer door, they found a close carriage drawn up before the house.

To this Craven Le Noir led Capitola, placed her within and took the seat by her side. Colonel Le Noir followed and placed himself on the front seat opposite them. And the carriage was driven rapidly off.

An hour's ride brought the party to an obscure church in the depths of the forest, which Capitola recognized by the cross on its top, to be a Roman Catholic Chapel.

Here the carriage drew up and the two Le Noirs got out and assisted Capitola to alight.

They then led her into the church, which was dimly illumined by a pair of wax candles burning before the altar. A priest in his sacerdotal robes was in attendance. A few country people were scattered thinly about among the pews, at their private devotions.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A BUFFALO HUNT.

BY ONE OF THE HUNTERS.

I am a portrait painter by profession, or rather *was*. I have long been too old to hold the brush steadily. Many years ago, when the other side of the Mississippi was the "Far West," I went rambling off there one summer in hopes of recruiting my health which had become much impaired. I made the acquaintance of a tribe of Indians, and took up my abode in their village. They were much pleased with some rough pictures that I made of a few of their prominent chiefs, and my fame spread abroad in the woods. After my health, which constantly improved, had become vigorous, I used to go off hunting with some of the "braves" every few days. One beautiful morning, two of my best friends in the tribe invited me to accompany them on a buffalo hunt. We were soon mounted, and gallopping over a rolling prairie, in the highest spirits. The Indians took much pride in displaying their admirable horsemanship, with their head-dresses of feathers fluttering in the air, and their animals prancing with grace and vigor; and I, feeling new strength at every breath I drew, was indulging delightful anticipations of a future return to home and friends, when some distant object seemed suddenly to have caught the view of my kind guides, and they brought their horses to a dead stand. Turning my eyes in the direction in which they pointed, I saw a dark spot on the summit of a distant swell in our front, which appeared to be moving slowly downward. The next moment a second object was seen coming over the hill. My companions now informed me that they were buffaloes, and that we must proceed with the utmost caution, or they would be alarmed and run far away, before we could possibly approach them. They then drew off towards one side, intending to get them between us and the wind; and, although we soon perceived that we were getting much nearer to them, they showed no signs of apprehension, and we believed they did not even observe us. Hastening on, in perfect silence, our horses seeming to tread more softly than ever on the prairie-grass, and we began to wonder that the animals, usually so much on the alert on open ground, still remained almost motionless. We pressed on at full speed, and were flattering ourselves that we should be upon them in a few moments, when a horseman suddenly made his appearance from behind the hill, and came charging down towards us with a headlong rush. Behind him followed another, and another. We did not wait to count them; for my companions, with a suppressed cry, turned their horses, and fled like lightning. All was now plain, even to me. The supposed buffaloes were mere decoys. A party of enemies had been lurking about, behind the swells of the prairie, waiting for an opportunity to take scalps, and, on seeing us approach, had formed two mimic buffaloes, of skins placed over the heads of men who were skilful in imitating the motions of those animals while grazing. The remainder of the party had kept out of our sight, until they supposed we were near enough to enable them to overtake us, before we could get within sight of the Indian village we had left; and now we were to suffer the consequences of their ingenious and successful plot.

Never had I ridden at such reckless speed, and never were my fears so much excited. I had no time to ask questions, even if I had known enough of the language of my friends to make myself understood. I saw too plainly, by the extreme dread expressed by my companions, who were running their horses at their utmost speed, that I was engaged in a race for life; and was agitated between the fear of falling behind, and the joy at finding that I was still able to keep up with them. Thus we dashed on, without giving ourselves time enough even to look behind, until I began to hope that we might yet reach a turn round a swell, some distance before us, which would bring the village in sight, and give us some hope of rescue. But I soon heard the gallopping of our pursuers;—and the trampling rapidly came nearer. Redoubling our efforts, we were unable to gain anything upon them. In a few moments, I heard a strange noise beside me, when one of our party fell forward, and rolled from his seat down upon the prairie. Again I heard the singular sound, which was that produced by a spear thrust violently through my other generous friend; and he also, the next moment, lay on the ground, a long distance behind—so far had my horse passed on, before I could turn my head. With horror I expected my turn to come next, and imagined a bloody spear running through me, with the irresistible power given it by the weight of a horse and rider combined, while moving at that rapid rate, and with all their force concentrated upon the steel point of such a formidable weapon. But, what a relief! I was out of danger. The enemy had halted after the fall of my last companion, and were already on their retreat. They had not even stopped to scalp their victims, but were gallopping back across the prairie, and soon disappeared. Why they had spared my life I never knew with certainty, but inclined to think, from what I afterwards heard and saw, that they had been told of me, and formed some superstitious notions of my powers as a painter. They may, perhaps, have seen some person before them, or feared to approach any nearer to the Indian village we had left. But, whatever was the cause, I survived, safe and sound.

IT is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

THE OLD TREE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Wave not so sadly in the wind
Thou old and leafless tree!
Nor sob that Summer nevermore
Can beauty bring to thee;
That but a desolation thou
Must stand upon the lea.

II.

The inspirations of the Spring
Long years were at thy heart;
Thou gav'st, through many a summer-space,
Grand images to Art;
Old Tree! thou acted'st gloriously
Within the world thy part.

III.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge;
Yet if thy voice must be
Like anthems, let the undertone
Be breathed exultingly—
For thine was not a wasted life,
Magnificent Old Tree!

IV.

Man, white-haired man! if thou hast done
Bravely in life thy part;
If true humanity has made
Its music in thy heart,
Say why should'st thou at Death's cold wind
In grief and terror start?

V.

O stand beside the grand Old Tree,
And gazing on its dim,
Scarred trunk, lift bravely up
Thy last, but fearless hymn—
For thou hast nobly done thy part!
What more can Cherubim?

* * *

DARBY'S REFORM.

A GHOSTLY SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In a small, quiet village of New Hampshire—a village through which all have passed who have ever travelled by stage from Centre Harbor to the White Mountains—lived Darby Tibbs. He was a genial, good-hearted fellow; somewhere between forty and fifty years of age; with a wife and six children; and very poor. His occupations were as various as there were laboring wants in the village. He could help the blacksmith; he could work with carpenter's tools; he could lay bricks, and build stone wall; he could saw and split wood; he could perform all sorts of farming labor; and, in short, do anything which application and perseverance could accomplish. He was, in truth, a very useful individual, and the people of the village would sooner have parted with their doctor than with Darby Tibbs. And then Darby was a bit of a doctor, too. He could compound many vegetable panaceas; he knew how to dress and heal wounds; and with the diseases of animals he was familiar.

And yet Darby Tibbs had one alarming fault. He was not only in the habit of getting very drunk, but he got drunk very often. He was never quarrelsome or ill-tempered when in this condition, but directly the opposite. He sang, and joked, and laughed, and told stories while he had sense enough; and when his sense was gone he tumbled over and slept. Sometimes he slept in the store, sometimes by the side of the road, and sometimes at home.

Now there were three reasons why the people were very anxious that Darby should reform. First: for his own sake. He was too good a man in every other respect to be thus destroying himself. Secondly: for the sake of his family. True he was never harsh or ill-tempered to his wife and children; but they suffered much from extreme poverty, and from bitter shame. His very goodness of heart made their sufferings the more keen; for they loved him well, and their love made their souls tender and sensitive. Thirdly: the people wished that he should reform for their own sakes. It was getting so that there could be no dependence placed upon him. He disappointed them when they most needed his assistance. But all their efforts proved unavailing. He laughed and joked at their arguments and entreaties, and, just so surely as he received a serious overhauling for his fault would he go off and get helplessly drunk.

One season Mr. Dean, a leading citizen of the village, had engaged Darby to help him through haying. He was to commence on the Monday next following the Fourth of July. But an unfortunate event interrupted the arrangement. Mr. Dean was taken sick, and on the fifth day of July he died. His funeral was on the very day which had been fixed upon for the commencement of haying; so of course there was no work done upon the farm that day. In the morning Darby went forth with the intention of attending the funeral; but before the hour for the service had arrived he had contrived to get very drunk. Still he declared that he should go to the funeral. That idea was fixed in his mind, and even when he had become so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, he attempted to start for the house of mourning. Some of his friends, however, were determined that he should not thus degrade himself and injure the feelings of others, and they finally succeeded in getting him into a stable, where they left him, apparently, fast asleep.

Towards the latter part of the day, when the funeral services had been performed, and the people had returned to their homes, two men went out to the stable for the purpose of arousing Darby, and conveying him to his cot. But no Darby was to be found on the premises. The heap of straw upon which he had been left had been vacated. They supposed he must have got up and staggered home, so they gave themselves no uneasiness. Late in the evening, however, Mrs. Tibbs came down to the store to inquire for her husband. She had not seen him since morning. It was supposed that he must have found shelter under some hedge, so lanterns were procured, and a general search made; but he could not be found. "Never mind," said some, "he'll turn up in the morning." And they finally prevailed upon his wife to go home.

Morning came, but Darby Tibbs did not turn up. By the middle of the forenoon his wife was down again, and when she learned that nothing had been seen of her husband, she became alarmed; but the people bade her be comforted, and assured her that they would find the truant if he was in the country. And they commenced the search. They searched along the hedges and in the bushes; they searched through every barn, and shop, and shed, and through the fields and the woods, but not a sign of a Darby Tibbs could they find; and the only thing they could learn of him, after his being left in the stable upon the straw, was from a boy who happened to be late at the funeral. He said he saw Darby stagger across the road from the store, and that he left him trying to get over the fence. The boy offered to help him, but Darby didn't want any help. He said he was going to the funeral, and he'd like to see anybody with wit enough to stop him. That was all. Nobody else had seen him, nor had anybody heard anything further of him.

Night came again, and Darby was still missing. The pond was dragged by the light of lanterns, and parties followed up and down the stream. Wednesday morning came, and when the various parties who had been engaged in the search met at the store, and compared notes, the idea prevailed that Darby Tibbs had run away—or, at least, that he had gone away—somewhere.

"He'll come back—never fear," they said to his sorrowing wife; "and when he does come we'll bring him to you." And they made her up a little purse, and finally prevailed upon her to go to her home, and make the best of it.

Early in the evening—the evening of Wednesday—Sam Broughton and Seth Garmon, who had been at work in the great meadow beyond the brook, came running into the store, pale, frightened, and out of breath. Deacon Brown kept the only store in the village, and it was also the only place of public resort, so that quite a congregation of citizens were to be found there, especially after the labors of the day were over. There were some fifteen or twenty collected in the store when the two men came in, and all were at once anxious to know what had happened.

"What is it?" asked the Deacon, after a dozen others had asked the same.

"O!—somebody's dead!" gasped Sam Broughton.

"No," interposed Seth Garmon. "'Taint so. Some dead man's come to life, or else a ghost has broke loose!"

"There's a row in the grave-yard!" cried Sam. "We heard the awfullest groanin'!"

"There's a rumpus in the tombs!" added Seth.

"Awful!" echoed Sam, with a shudder.

Finally Seth made out to tell the story direct. He and Sam had taken their way home from the meadow through the graveyard, which was the shortest route by nearly half a mile. They came along by the tombs, which were built near the wall, and when about midway of the range they were startled by a succession of deep groans, which seemed to come from a grave close by. They listened a moment, and found that the sound came from one of the tombs, and then they started for the store.

"Which tomb was it?" asked Deacon Brown.

But they could only tell that it was about in the centre of the row.

"It must have been Mr. Dean's tomb," added the deacon. That's nearly in the centre, and is the only one which has been lately opened. Major Dean may have been buried alive!"

"Yes—'twas the major's tomb," said Broughton. "I remember now."

"Then, as true as fate," cried the deacon, "the old major's buried alive! Where's Uncle Ben."

Uncle Ben Moulton was the old sexton, and a rush was at once made for his house. The alarm spread like wildfire. Major Dean had been buried alive! Men, women and children hurried into the street, and when the sexton finally made his appearance, with his great bunch of duplicate keys, they gathered after him, and followed in his lead. It was now quite dark, and several of the men provided themselves with lanterns, and thus they took their way towards the burying-ground.

At length the long row of tombs was reached, and, above the din of many voices, could be heard a deep groan from the sepulchre where the body of Major Dean had been placed. Many of the people shrank back in terror—nearly all of the women and children, and some of the men—as though they expected to see a ghost. Uncle Ben trembled violently, but he finally managed to get the key into the old rusty padlock, and, while Deacon Brown held a lantern for him, he contrived to get the link clear from the staple. Then he pushed the door slowly open, and as the old hinges creaked, and the noisome effluvia came up, he involuntarily started back, but the deacon urged him on, and he spoke:

"Who's there?"

A deep groan followed, and something came staggering out from the darkness, and fell upon the rough steps at the sexton's feet. The old man started back with a cry of alarm, and even the deacon was for a moment frightened, but his senses quickly returned to him, and, pushing Uncle Ben one side, he hurried down into the tomb. He saw a human form upon the cold, damp stones, but it was not clad in the habiliments of the grave. He held his lantern down, and when he had seen the sunken, haggard features, he started up, and called for help.

"Come here!" he cried. "Come quickly! *It's Darby Tibbs!*"

The old sexton went down, and pretty soon others followed. They lifted the now inanimate form, and bore it up into the world of living things. It was Darby, sure enough; but he was sadly changed. His flesh was bruised and blackened, and his raiment all torn and bloody. They feared he was dead. Poor Darby! How many hearts felt sad for him then!

But they bore him as speedily as possible to the doctor's house, and ere long they succeeded, under direction of the physician, in restoring him to animation. He opened his eyes and spoke; and before morning it was evident that, with proper care, he might recover. He was conveyed to his home, where he was sure of faithful and untiring attention.

Yet Darby was sick for a long time. The shock had been a most terrible one, and it had come upon a constitution already shattered. He never could tell the full measure of horrors of the eight-and-forty hours he spent in that house of death; but he could tell enough to startle all who heard it—he could tell enough to make his wife cry and sob like a frightened child. He could not tell exactly how he came there, though the truth was evident enough. He could remember of being carried out to the stable; and he could also remember of meeting the boy by the roadside. He had an idea of going to the funeral, and he probably entertained the cunning plan of reaching the place of sepulchre in advance of the rest of the company. He had a faint recollection of reaching the graveyard, and of seeing a tomb open, but beyond this his memory failed him until he came to his senses, and found himself locked up in a cold, damp, noisome vault. He must have been overcome when he reached the tomb, and staggered in there to get out of the way of the sun. Of course he sank into a deep, senseless sleep the moment he settled down, and having fallen into an obscure corner he was not noticed by those who bore in the coffin. The sexton had opened the tomb at noon to let some of the noxious air escape, and the boy whom he had left to keep watch over it must have been picking berries by the wall when Darby came up, as he afterwards acknowledged that he was thus engaged a good part of the time that he was there.

When the harvest time came Darby was able to work again; and before winter set in he was stronger and healthier than he had been before for many years. Not a drop of strong drink had he touched since that July day, and not a drop did he touch again. The very thought of the fiery dram startled him. He never could think of that season of horrors in the tomb without a quaking, painful shudder, and he was firmly resolved that the foul demon which had once led him so nigh unto death among the dead should never lead or entice him again.

But Darby Tibbs was not sorry for the terrible ordeal; nor were his wife and children sorry; for it led them all into the possession of blessings and joys such as they had not even dared to hope for in the old dark days.

* * *

Falsehood could do little mischief if it did not gain the credit of truth.

THE RELIEF OF VIENNA.

Deep on Vienna's leaguered town and Danube's bosom lay
The morning mist of Autumn's tide, which bodes a sultry day,
As though the sun were loth to show how near, while Europe slept,
To the stronghold of her Christian faith the Moslem wolf had crept;
Were slow to shine on smouldering towns and hills of blasted vines,
The ruined bastion's fragments, and the labyrinth of lines
Which winding to the rampart's base, proclaim that Moslem skill
Joins serpent craft to tiger's force to work their Prophet's will.
All night the signal of distress, the rockets' fiery shower,
Has pierced the mist and gemm'd the skies from old St. Stephen's tower;
And many a former night, in sooth, that fiery sign in vain
Has risen to chide the tardy march of Poland and Lorraine.
Lorraine! it was not always thus with those who bore thy name;
Thy princes were not wont to halt on any path to fame;
Time was the horseman of the waste who heard their war-cry raised,
Would leave thy dewy pastures, Esdraelon, ungrazed,
If trumpet-tone of Godfrey's host was heard upon the wind;
Would leave the fountains of Djennim and Kishon's springs behind,
If Baldwin's line of watch-fires gleamed on seaward Carmel's brow;
He dared not drink of Jordan then—he drinks of Danube now.
And thou, the dread of Poland's foes—thou whom a nation's voice
Proclaims a hero by descent, king by that people's choice,
Around whose brow on many a field the garlands of renown
By Victory's hand were twined so oft they almost hid the crown,—
What shame it were if he, whose steed on Choczim's famous field
Stood fetlock deep in Moslem blood, Sarmatia's sword and shield—
If he, who saw the turbans float that day down Dniester's tide
Like Autumn leaves down mountain rills where forests fringe their side,
Too late to save, should live to see the fainting City's fall,
The crescent on St. Stephen's tower, the horsetails on the wall!
It shall not be—From where the spires of many a minster dome
Look down on fabled square and street, from many a burgher's home,
From sands that breast the Baltic wave, from sunny banks of Vine,
From mouth of Elbe and Weser, bank of Inn, and source of Rhine;
From all the Empire's limbs and veins, whate'er their name may be,
From circle and electorate, free town, and stift, and see;
From each quarter they have mustered of the German Fatherland,
Lord and vassal, prince and people, slow of foot, but strong of hand,
Slow to move; but what avails it to the Prophet's baffled son
If they nail his Sultan's cannon ere the breach it made be won?
Slow to move; but little matters if the stormer's covered way
Shall be your grave to-morrow, that they come not here to-day.

With heavy step, from age and wounds, an old man climbs the stair
At dawn in high St. Stephen's tower to reach his marble chair,
The wonted seat of Stahremberg—he seldom leaves that post,
Save when the cry of Allah-hu swells from the Turkish host;
He knows the meaning of that shout, and then, with steps less slow,
To where the breach is widest he descends to meet the foe.
But now he sits and watches as he never watched before,
While the Jesuit with his eye-glass sweeps the Danube's distant shore,
Scans the curve-line of the river and the Kahlenberg above,
Like a lady for her lover, or the Patriarch for his dove.
Is it a cloud which hides the chapel, on the distant summit's crest?
Does the morning mist curl upwards from the vine-clad mountain's breast?
Is it turret-cross, or sunlit vane which o'er that curtain peers?
'Tis the smoke of Baden's cannon—'tis the flash of Poland's spears!
In the chapel of St. Leopold, which crowns the mountain pass,
To a goodly congregation they have sung and said the Mass;
While steeds for war caparisoned, beyond the portal neighed,
A king before the altar bowed, and princes knelt and prayed;
As men that venture life they prayed; but scarce the rites were done,
And ere the blessing was pronounced, out spoke the signal gun,
And the shout of banded nations through the battle's long array
Greets each chieftain as he passes to the host he leads to-day.
There ride the chiefs of Dresden's and of Munich's princely line;
Young Louis marshals there his men from banks of Murg and Rhine.
Far to the right one chieftain speeds, and as he draws the rein
The shout that swells from Poland's host spreads o'er the tented plain,
O'er camp and trench that shout conveys the news on terror's wing—
"God and his Prophet to our aid! He comes! the King! the King!"
Beside the King a stripling rides—And oh! if mid the strife
The Moslem sword or Tartar spear could quench that single life,
If, through the future's misty veil, the Turk could see revealed
The fortunes of that youth's career on many a coming field,
That life were cheaply purchased by the slain he cannot count,
The guns he leaves the victor's spoil, the breach he may not mount,
The camp's abandoned treasures, and the thousands doomed to die,
The lives of those who fight in vain, the shame of those who fly;
But who that fights, or who that flies discerns in such a scene,
The heir of Sobieski's fame in Savoy's young Eugene?

Mid the Moslem's proud pavilions there are sounds and sights of woe,
Plunging shot and camels groaning as they feel the driver's blow;
But shrieks of darker import freeze the blood and stun the ear
From the harems of the Pachas and the tents of the Vizier.
"Strike the standard of the Prophet, wrench the flag-staff from the soil,
Lest that symbol of the Faithful be the hated Christian's spoil;
Ye may hide it yet and save it, till its flag again be seen
To float on safer breezes with its folds of sacred green,
You may save your gold and jewels, but to snatch from Christian sight
The handmaids of your pleasures would delay you in your flight:
They have followed you with love that dwells alone in woman's breast,
The nurses of your sickness and the watchers of your rest;
For you they spread the carpet; and to cheer your aching brows
They poured the fragrant tincture which your Prophet's law allows.
Ply the dagger, knot the bow-string, leave behind no trace of life,
In the harem's blood-stained precincts, smite them captive, slave, and wife.

Time wings his flight with lightning speed amid the battle's din,
But slow his march to those who wait the leaguered wall within.
Still yawns the breach, still swarms the trench, and yet with sullen ire
Against the bastion's crumbling face, the culverin pours its fire.
From flanking embrasure at times a wreath of smoke is seen,
And rushing shot its answer makes; but few and far between;
For scant and thin the ranks of those who now survive to ply
The gunner's art, or man the breach, and faint their battle-cry.
Yet faint and few they muster there to meet the Janizar
With sweep of scythe, and thrust of pike, and stroke of morning star,
And cauldrons all alight to fit the assailant's shaven head,
With hideous cowl of seething pitch, or weight of molten lead,
It shall not need.—While in the trench the stormers yet delay,
Throughout the field their host retires in flight and disarray.
Fetch out the keys, fling wide the gate, 'tis past your hour of grief,
Room for John George of Saxony, for Baden's fiery chief;
Pass-word and countersign no more are needed, loose the chain,
And let the drawbridge fall at last for Munich and Lorraine.
How came they? Ask each panting steed and slaughter-dripping blade,
Track them through corspe-encumbered trench and shattered palisade,
And own that never braver men achieved a nobler aim
Than those whom these have led to-day the soldier's path to fame.

Where famine lately stalked the street, now plenty smiles again,
As wagons from the camp convey the Moslem's hoarded grain,
And shouting thousands greet the king, and revel fills the town,
While burghers thank him for their lives, the emperor for his crown,
From rampart peals the loud salute, from every spire the bells;
Where late the *Miserere* rose, the glad *Te Deum* swells;
And in St. Stephen's rescued pile this text is preached upon
Of Holy Writ, "A man was sent from Heaven whose name was John."

* * *

THE SUNSHINE OF THE SOUL.

A TRUE SKETCH.

It was a balmy summer evening in Old Virginia. A peaceful light, descended from the mellow Southern sky, was reflected in the clear waters of the James, and filled the soft air that floated among the trees. Peace smiled from the heavens, and the waters gave back the ray, it breathed in the air, and the river echoed the whisper in its flood. Could a human heart fail to respond to it?

A young girl was strolling alone through these sweet scenes. But her brow, though fair, was clouded with unrest, and her eye expressed a vague longing. She glanced from flower to tree, from valley to hill-top, from stream to sky, but her gaze did not rest anywhere. All the beauty of earth cannot fill the soul.

As she wandered she met her mother—she too had gone out alone, for the evening tempted to solitary musing. How different is *her* aspect! Though in the decline of life, a hallowed radiance rests upon her brow, her silver hairs seem a halo of peace, and her presence sheds serenity around her. Her daughter led her to a grassy seat, and sat down beside her. She rested her head upon that bosom where from infancy she had found sympathy for every sorrow, and a response to every doubt.

"Mother," she said with faltering voice, "why do you look so happy? All this loveliness makes me very sad. The serenity of these scenes mocks my heart. The world is not what it looks to be. Life is not as tranquil as that river. When I look into its quiet depths I want to rest there like that soft, white cloud. And when I turn to that golden sunset, oh how I long to bathe in its glory! But it seems so far above me, and there is nothing like it on this earth, nothing like it in my heart."

Her mother laid her hand soothingly on that young head, and said, "My child, it is because you cannot 'look from Nature up to Nature's God,' and say 'My Father made them all.'" The daughter heard and believed—the Spirit of God bore that gentle word down into her soul. From that hour she sought peace where it was to be found; not in the busy scenes of life, nor in the loveliest retirement of Nature, but at the feet of her Saviour. Here she laid down her burden, here her heart found the repose it needed, here every unsatisfied longing was filled.

"Here did she end her quest."

We see her again, standing on that fair hill at sunrise. She has gone there that her first aspirations may ascend to her God before the cares of the day break upon her solitude. What a quiet rapture fills her heart and kindles her eye, as she drinks in the rich blessing that is shed down upon the earth by *her Father's* hand. How it hightens her zest for its beauty to remember that *He* said, "It is all very good."

Oh, the blissful consciousness of a *new-found* joy! When the soul, on waking in the morning, swells with a vague sense of delight, half fearing to ask the cause, lest it prove to have been a dream!

It is very sweet and thrilling in the heart of the young girl that has lately met him who has wooed and won her love, and promised to be hers forevermore.

Deeper and more delicious it springs up in the bosom of the young mother, when, as she wakes from slumber, she hears close beside her the low breathing of her new-born babe.

But unspeakably higher is the rapture of the soul that has lately found its Saviour. When the heart falls asleep reposing on His love, and the first thought on waking leaps up to meet the Beloved, the "chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely."

U. J. S.

* * *

ASK YOUR ENEMIES.

If you want to know your faults, ask your enemies what they are, and you will be told. If there is a broken place in your coat of mail, *they* will discover it, and thrust in a spear there. They will pierce you between the joints of your harness.

The above, or something like it, was impressively uttered in our hearing, and it set us upon reflecting upon what *our* enemies had said. Perhaps some people think that one must needs be very wicked to *have* enemies. No, no—there is not a good man or woman on earth (unless they are *sappily* good, persons of no force of character) who has not at least one enemy. It is no credit to a man to have it truly said of him, "He has not an enemy in the world."

That saying would do very well to mark upon the gravestone of a babe or an idiot—but we were recalling some of the sayings of our enemies.

We were created with a network of nerves outside as well as one inside, and could always *feel* quickly when any one hated or meant to harm us. Our mother early taught us that revenge was wicked, and what our mother taught was never forgotten or disregarded, or else, it is to be feared, we should have become a revengeful mortal, for there always was a strong, fierce tiger chained within us, and the impulse to *resent affronts* was invariably hot and impetuous. The clear and effectual *way* was always instantly opened up before our mental vision, and a time of it we sometimes had to hold ourselves back and down, and to be a quiet learner from the spite and malice of our enemies.

By the help that is offered to all, however, we *did it;* and although we by no means believed that *all* the hard things said of and to us were true, yet so sensitive were we about them, and so afraid that there might be at least some slight foundation for the charges, that we ran so far away, even from the outmost edges of said faults, that they cannot overtake us now. Perhaps, indeed, we may have run into others just as bad, but if so, no doubt we shall soon hear of them; for though those who love you are not apt to tell you of your faults, those who hate you enjoy it, and the *haters* are a class that never "depart this life;" *they* are immortal, though our lovers are ever dying.

A. H.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The editor of a western paper gives an account of the visit of the widow of a distinguished General to the Legislature of his State, in which he remarks that "she was invited to take a seat on the floor." Now, it occurs to us that it would have been better—not to say anything about the politeness of the thing—for some of the members to have got up from their seats when the old lady came in. They might, at least, have offered her a bench instead of inviting her to take a seat on the *floor.*

A well-known Turfman, whose horses, during a certain season, had been distanced almost every time they ran, made a very witty reply to his young wife, at a dinner party, when she asked him what the abbreviation "dis." meant, which she had always seen attached to the names of his horses? The gentleman looked up and down the knowing line of faces at the table, and drily replied: "that means *distinguished*, my dear!"

A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident—perhaps, and a very probable misfortune; something which he neither intended nor foresaw nor apprehended. But when he runs in love, it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

A young Miss, having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, and afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him about half way, enjoining secresy. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the State. As the beams to the house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. When the excellent Hooker was on his death-bed, he expressed his joy at the prospect of entering a world of order.

Pride is a paradoxical Proteus, externally diverse, yet ever the same; for Plato adopted a most magnificent mode of displaying his contempt for magnificence, while neglect would have restored Diogenes to common sense and clean linen, since he would have had no tubs from the moment he had no spectators.

"**William**," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and want you to grind all the tools." "Yes, sir." The carpenter came home at night. "William, have you ground all the tools right sharp?" "All but the *hand-saw*," said Bill; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

"**Your Honor**," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never *lends* himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

A very polite young man wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, wanted to know "If he could roll the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

We have given us a whole year full of days, and we can calculate the place of any Saturday or Sunday in the calendar, and declare it like a prophet's son; but, among them all there is no record of a *dying* day. It is not a day for deeds, but a day when we have *done doing.*

To write to please the lowest, few would; to write to please the highest, fewer can; we must either stoop to the ignorance of the one or surmount the envy of the other. Let us steer between them if we would consult both our fortune and our fame.

"**Suicide** is becoming very prevalent in my city," said a gentleman to an inhabitant of a neighboring town. "Well, really, sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large."

A philosopher who has studied out almost everything, says he is satisfied that the reason why girls are in the habit of pouting out their lips is because they are always willing that *theirs* should meet *yours* half way.

A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more—I'll never *say what I think* again, in all the days of my life!"

A French critic, in speaking of Carlyle's writings, said they would be very fine if some one would only translate them into English.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one, when she wonders who she shall have—the other, when she wonders who will have her.

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time in church, who could not dance all night without being tired?

Flowers fling their wealth upon the vacant air, and rich men often fling theirs upon the vacant *heir.*

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

A gentleman who was out hunting near Huntsville, Ala., suddenly found himself in the coils of a large snake. With great presence of mind he drew his bowie knife and cut the reptile in two, and then, as he says, "killed the part that had the head on." The body was about nine feet in length, and evidently that of a young anaconda. If we lived in that vicinity, we should feel solicitous as to the whereaboats of the parents of that snake.

A girl sixteen years of age, employed in the Oriskany Valley woollen mills, recently got her dress caught by accident in a revolving shaft, which whirled around at the rate of sixty-five revolutions a minute, her head striking against a brick wall at every revolution. The machinery was stopped as soon as possible, but before she could be rescued she was shockingly mutilated and fatally injured.

A Miss Riley of Indiana, while on a visit lately at the house of a clergyman, mixed a Seidlitz powder in a couple of glasses, and instead of pouring the two mixtures together, she drank first one and then the other, so that the effervesence took place in her stomach and strangled her. A physician was called, but could not relieve the unfortunate girl.

Gezo, the famous black king of Dahomey, Africa, has recently died. He was a terrible wretch, having put to death an average number of ten thousand people annually for the last fifty years, and his son and successor is as bad if not worse than his father was.

John Houndlow, a laborer on a farm in Franklin county, N. Y., in attempting to cut a limb from a large pear tree with a scythe, slipped, and the scythe coming down on his head with great force, inflicted a shocking wound, from the effects of which he died.

A spirited horse, belonging to a gentleman living near Boonville, Ky., in attempting to leap a high fence, hit his fore feet on the top rail, and falling on a log, broke his back, and his owner had to kill him to put him out of misery.

A man in Philadelphia never crosses the Delaware river in a ferryboat, for fear that on the passage the passengers will vote the captain a service of plate, and he be called upon to subscribe towards paying for it.

A man who was blown up, in a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi, lately got a verdict of fifteen thousand dollars damages for personal injuries. He claimed fifty thousand dollars.

A ferocious dog, belonging to a "fancy man," a few days since attacked a group of boys playing marbles near Stuyvesant Park, and bit three of them in a most shocking manner.

Among a lot of thieves recently arraigned at the Tombs, were Thomas Jefferson, Julius Cæsar (black), Jonathan Edwards and Daniel Webster. What's in a name?

A farmer in Texas is reported to have thirteen thousand acres of land, twelve hundred horses, eighteen thousand sheep, and six thousand eight hundred head of cattle.

A number of graves have been found in Monongahela county, Pa., containing human skeletons eight feet in hight, and various ornaments of exquisite workmanship.

The United States Government recently gave an establishment in Massachusetts an order for so many swords that it will take two years to manufacture them. What's going to be cut up?

There is a man in Tennessee who has lived twenty-three of the last twenty-seven years of his life in the Penitentiary, and his eldest son has just been sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment.

A little girl named Dohrman, living in First Avenue, while attempting to cross the street a few days since, was run over by a horse and cart and instantly killed.

The students of Irving College, at Manchester, Md., recently sent a liberal donation to Mr. Everett, as a contribution to the Mount Vernon Fund.

THE CITY OF THE PLAIN.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

There was a city once, the rabbins teach,
Whereto there came one day to seek for alms,
One of those needy wights with whining speech,
Who for your dole extend their earnest palms.

Each generous citizen who heard him sue,
Gave him a coin which bore the giver's name;
To bear these gifts he had enough to do—
But lo! how soon his joy to sorrow came!

Not one in all the place would give him food,
Not one in all the place a crumb would sell;
Famished, though rich in coin, the beggar stood—
He could not even steal—they watched too well.

With hunger weak he tottered up and down,
The jeering crowd gave way on either side;
No food, no drink for him, within the town;
And there, with all his gold upon him, died

Then, each, devoid of shame, went as he lay,
And, eager from the dead man's store to draw,
The coin that had his name on bore away—
Then left the carcass for the dogs to gnaw.

"Ah, piteous deed!" I hear a voice complain—
"A stricken man to such a fate to doom;
Well did the fire from Heaven finally rain
Upon the town such wretches to consume."

But stay! have we no City of the Plain?
Will not our land the same reproaches bear?
When sons of genius ask, do they not gain
That empty laud which only proves a snare?

Marked with our names we give the coin of praise
We load them with our gifts of idle breath,
Which buy no comfort for their weary days,
Nor yet preserve them from a beggar's death.

They live in wretchedness and starving die;
For bread our empty honors will not pay;
And then, as in their wooden house they lie,
The praise we gave we fain would take away.

There disappointment checks our base desire;
We cannot rob the dead one of his fame;
That kindles at our efforts into fire,
Consuming those who strive to quench its flame.

* * *

JOHN KOPINALL'S TRIUMPH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

We have yet lingering among us a few of those brave hearts who, true to the cause of freedom, *suffered*, if they did not *bleed*, in that long and weary struggle of our fathers for the liberty we now so quietly enjoy. They are the living links connecting that venerable and ever-to-be-remembered Past with the Present. But in a few more short years the last of them will have passed away forever.

I can still reckon among my most cherished and revered friends, a certain child-like, gentle spirit, who lived during that eventful period that "tried men's souls;" and in the midst of the bloodiest scenes of the Revolution—the fair valleys of the Mohawk and Susquehanna, where, even to this late day, are to be seen the scars of a relentless warfare. These were the scenes in which that arch tory, Col. John Johnson, with his fierce allies, Brant and his savages, and their more inhuman associates, the notorious Butlers and their gangs of cut-throat tories, riotted in murder, pillage and desolation.

The good old lady, as she occupies her cushioned arm-chair in the sunniest nook of the family room, calmly and with true Christian resignation awaiting her "appointed time," will sometimes remain silent and meditative for hours. Her mind is reaching back through the mist of years to the distant Past, so rich in clustering memories. She is living over the sunny spring-time and summer of her life again. She lingers upon the joyous period of her youth, when wandering by the green and fragrant banks of the Mohawk, its stainless current singing and leaping along its course, imaged her own untroubled existence. And then, as she reverts to the first dawning memories of childhood, there rises up from the far-off horizon a gloomy cloud, from which gleam the lurid flames of burning villages and farm-houses; while her ear takes in again the war cry of the fierce savage, with a startling distinctness that arouses her almost from her reverie. Then there come mingled recollections of peaceful and troublous times, and what she herself saw, with her childish fear and wonder excited; and what she remembers to have been related by her parents and neighbors, and brave soldier brothers, of bloody times and scenes, in which they themselves were concerned. At these moments her aged eye will brighten with something of its former light, and the workings of her time-furrowed, but still comely features, will betray the subjects of her wandering thoughts.

On such occasions I love to draw my own chair nearer to hers, and with my lips in near proximity to those ears of hers, that begin to fail of their office, and with somewhat elevated voice, exclaim—

"Well, grandmother! you seem to be meditative to-day. May I ask what you are thinking of?"

"Why, yes, child," she would say, with a slight start, as if indeed aroused from a dreamy slumber. "Why, yes, child," and then perhaps she would say—"I was thinking just at that moment how young John Kopinall found Peter Voorman's coach-horses, and how he took them from the Indians and tories."

"Grandmother, I believe I have never heard you tell that story. Will you please do so?—for you know how deeply interested we all are in the incidents of those perilous times."

"Why, yes, child; to be sure I will tell it, if you would like to hear it. But it seems to me that I have already related it to you a score of times."

But being persuaded that the story was entirely new to us, the kind old lady would proceed, and in her simple, old-fashioned language, rendered musically soft, with the slightest possible *roll* of the tongue, still peculiar to the descendants of the Dutch settlers of the Mohawk valley, she would narrate the story, setting forth all the facts, and their surroundings, so that the listeners could not fail to see them all, like a living picture before the eye.

"I remember," she would say, "as though it was only last summer, when our pleasant, dear old valley was laid waste by the wicked tories and the Indians, led on by that bad man, Colonel Johnson. I can see now the burning houses, all up and down the valley; and hear the wild war-whoop of the Indians, and the fiercer yells of the drunken tories, as they tore down our fences, and set fire to our ripening harvest; shot down our horses and cattle; destroyed our haystacks and barns; and murdered men, women and children, who implored in vain for quarter from the inhuman hyenas. I remember how, behind our stockade fort, which the neighbors had built for a refuge in such an emergency, my father raised me upon his shoulders, and bid me look out upon the fearful scene, saying—'There, daughter, see yonder! Those burning buildings were once our home; there you were born; all is lost now!—they even burn our fields, and God above only knows if we yet escape the tomahawks and scalping-knives of those howling wolves, if we shall not have to starve in the coming winter for the want of bread.' And how well I remember, as I closed my eyes upon the horrid sight, and begged to be set down upon the ground again, the concluding words of that brave, good man:—'Yet, my daughter, had I a hundred fold more property to be destroyed, I would give it up cheerfully rather than abandon our cause, or give one inch to our tyrants.'

"I was but a child then, for you know it was in the year 1780. The bloody year, as it was called; but those events are strongly and deeply impressed upon my memory, and can never be forgotten, should I live to the age of Methusaleh. Ah! you young folks," the old lady would continue, "know not the blessings you enjoy; and God grant our country may never again have occasion to deprecate the horrors of such another war."

"But, grandmother, you promised to tell us something about John Kopinall and Peter Voormann's horses."

"So I did, to be sure; and that's what I am coming to. Well, we had frequent alarms of the approach of the Indians and tories. But one day, in the early part of the month of August, I think it was in 1780, some of the scouts, that had been sent out by the different neighborhoods, came galloping down the river, spreading the fearful intelligence that they had discovered large bodies of the enemy descending on both sides of the river, upon that portion of the valley.

"The people of the south side sought safety in the little stockade forts, which were scattered at convenient intervals through the settlements; but not before several families had been murdered, and their stables and dwellings plundered.

"At the same time, one division of the savages came down upon Stone Arabia, where we lived, and set fire to our houses, and murdered many families, who, not heeding the alarm gun, had not had time to get into Fort Plain, where we were assembling, with such valuables as we could carry with us.

"It was at this time, also, that they killed my uncle, Captain Richer and his son; and wounded every other member of his family; when one of the boys, Jacob, I think it was, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, who fought like a young hero, as he was, shot down two of the Indians, and driving them from the house, saved the lives of his mother, and brothers, and an old man living with them.

"Fort Plain stood on an eminence, overlooking all that portion of the river and valley, and was thus named from the extensive prospect obtained from its massive block-house. It was not far from the bank of the Mohawk, on the north side of the river, and between it and Osquaga Creek.

"John Kopinall had a new grist mill on the creek, about a half a mile from the fort; and while the Indians and Butler's tories were at their work of destruction, John of course was very anxious about his property, which he had no doubt they would first rob of the grain and flour to be found there, and then set it on fire.

"At length, as the flames began to redden the sky all about us, and the valley began to be enveloped in the smoke of our burning homes, John Kopinall could endure his anxiety no longer; but determined to venture out, and look after his mill. It was in vain that my father and other neighbors endeavored to dissuade him from his mad purpose. The young man was almost beside himself with excitement, and declaring—that 'if the red imps, and their infernal comrades, the tories, destroyed all that he possessed in the world, he would have nothing left to live for,—and they might have his scalp in welcome,' was about to leap over the stockade, all unarmed as he was. But my father stopped him, and gave him his long sheath-knife; while another neighbor, insisting that if he was so fool-hardy as to rush into danger needlessly, he should at least have some means of defense, gave him his rifle; and John's sister, Mary Kopinall, hung a keen-edged little hatchet in his leathern belt.

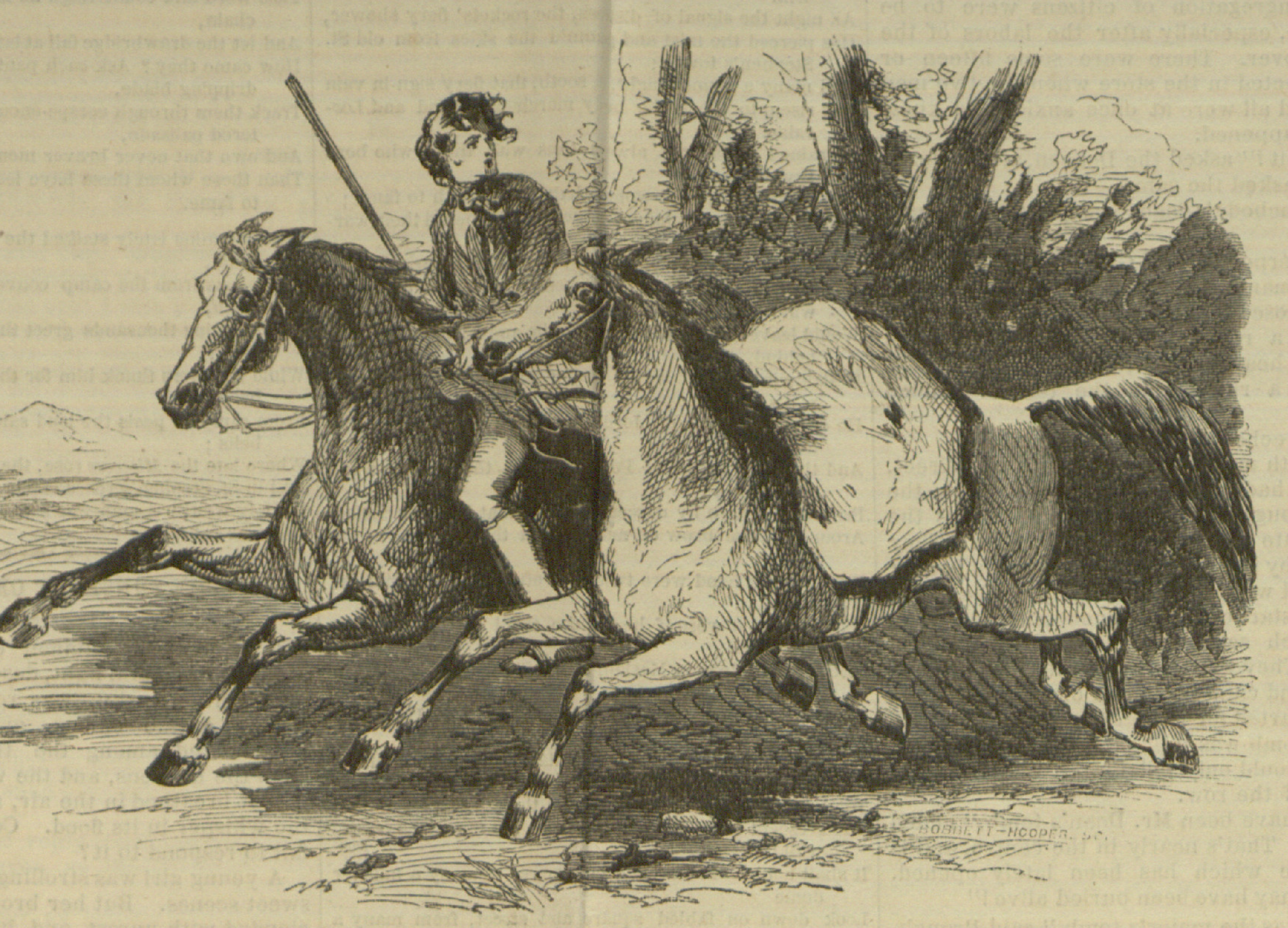
"He now started out from the fort, and reaching the creek, passed along the bank of it, under cover of the alders and willows, and was soon lost to our sight. Of course we had but little hopes of ever seeing him again alive; for the settlement was full of the enemy, running here and there, in every direction, in search of plunder, and bent on the destruction of everything they could not carry off with them.

"Well, John crept along under the shelter of the bushes, till he reached within a little distance of his mill. There he saw the tories and Indians busy at work, bringing out sacks of grain and flour, and loading them into wagons they had stolen from his neighbors. He even discovered a pair of fine horses of his own, which had been his peculiar pets, harnessed to a loaded wagon, also belonging to him, which started off up the river, driven by young Doxtader, who had once lived with him, but had turned traitor to his country and neighbors.

"This was more than John could bear, and keep his temper; so he had drawn sight upon the young rascal with his rifle, and would have shot him to the heart, as he deserved, had not his attention that moment been called towards the mill. A bright light suddenly gleamed from the lower windows, instantly followed by clouds of smoke bursting from the doors; the villains had plundered all the grain they could carry off, and had now set fire to the place.

"John was almost beside himself with passion at this sight, and was about to fire into the crowd of savages, now swarming out of the burning mill. At this moment, however, a tall, half-breed Indian, mounted on a large gray horse that belonged to my father, rode up into the mill-yard, and gave some orders to his savages. John immediately recognized in this fellow their leader, the murderous Brant. He had seen the chief several years before at Johnson Hall, and could not be mistaken. 'Now,' thought John, 'is my best chance for revenge. I'll just rid the fair earth of that bloody villain, and then we will be at quits'—and taking deliberate aim at the head of the savage, he fired. At the instant he pressed the trigger Brant stooped forward a little to address one of his warriors. This movement saved his life; and the bullet, missing its mark, cut away a bunch of feathers the Indian captain wore in his head dress. As he heard the near report of John's rifle, and saw the feathers strewing the air, the chieftain wheeled his horse, and with a mad yell dashed towards the hiding-place of the reckless miller; but before he reached the creek his progress was arrested by a high log fence, and John struck out again for the fort. He had not proceeded far, however, when he found his retreat cut off by a party of tories, who, loaded with plunder, had just crossed the creek ahead of him, and between him and the fort; and had stopped in the willows to divide or arrange their stolen property, so that they could transport it the better.

"This made it necessary for him to strike off across the fields, under a rail fence somewhat grown up with bushes, towards a piece of woods to the north-west of the fort. The enemy had spread themselves all over the fields; for, not content with plundering the dwellings and barns, they were driving up the cattle and horses from the pastures. John, however, eluded them, and reached the woods, where he determined to secrete himself till they had withdrawn. For this purpose he crawled into a hollow log, and lay there something like an hour, when he heard voices approaching the place. They were white men, for he heard them speaking in Dutch and English. He thought at first that they were settlers; but soon, from their loud laughter and the words they spoke, he was satisfied that they were tories. They came within a few yards of his hiding-place, and stopped. Presently he heard an altercation going on between them about some stolen goods they seemed to be dividing.


BOBBETT-HOOPER, SC.

"It so happened that the log that John had taken refuge in was open at both ends, it having been cut to be split into rails; and crawling through to the other end, he was able to peep out upon the group. There were five of them, with two horses, which he at once knew to belong to Peter Voormann, up the river. The horses were both loaded with bed-ticks filled with plunder.

"'Ah!' said John, when he told us the story afterwards, in the fort, 'how my fingers did itch to be clutching at the throats of the thieving scoundrels.'

"He managed to reload his rifle as he lay in the log, and crawling out cautiously, for they had hitched the horses, and were seated on a fallen tree, with their backs towards him, the thought occurred to him that if he could recover Squire Voormann's horses, with the stolen goods upon them, he would have some satisfaction, at least, to console him under all his losses.

"'I felt savage then,' said John, 'and mad enough to face all old Johnson's tories with but half a chance to fight;' and so he selected the stoutest-looking fellow among the thieves, and fired away. The man fell forward on his face dead; and before his comrades could see where the shot came from, John leaped upon them and brained another with the breech of his rifle. The three others now sprang to their feet, with their muskets clubbed. But before they could defend themselves, the brave Dutchman buried the blade of his hatchet into the skull of the third. There now remained but two of them. These, seeing that they had been attacked by but one man, now rushed upon him with their knives. But John was a stout, active young man, and soon finished the fight by giving one of the ruffians a fatal stab in the bowels, without being at all injured himself. The fifth cut-throat, now finding himself alone in the fight, took to his heels and ran to the edge of the clearing, where he yelled lustily for his comrades to come to the rescue. But John Kopinall, now seeing the way clear, ran to the horses, and cutting their halters, sprang upon the back of one, and leading the other, gallopped off in the direction of the fort, shouting at the top of his voice to attract our attention.

"He had several times to dismount and let down the fences before he reached the road; and in the meantime the tories had been aroused, and gave chase to him, and rattled their bullets thick and fast about him.

"We in the fort saw the exciting chase from the time that John first emerged from the woods; and expected every instant to see him tumble from the back of the animal. They continued to give chase to him till he reached within two hundred yards of the stockade, when the people inside covered him with their rifles, and he entered the enclosure in triumph. The bed-tickings had been riddled with musket and rifle balls, but neither John nor the horses were at all injured.

"On examining the recovered plunder, there were found goods stolen from the stores of the neighboring merchants, such as rich silks and velvets, together with pieces of broad-cloth and Irish linen, and other valuable goods, with silver spoons and heavy articles of plate belonging to the wealthy old families of the valley; and watches, jewelry, and numerous other things to the value of many hundred dollars.

"Most of these articles never being claimed, for the owners had doubtless been murdered, became the property of the brave fellow who had so gallantly won them; and a few days afterwards Esquire Voormann, who came for his horses, insisted upon John's accepting their full value in money. This, however, he refused to do; but Voormann, declaring that John's losses had been so much greater than his own, left the money in my father's hands to be paid to him.

"And so it was," added the old lady, "that John Kopinall killed the tories and recovered Peter Voormann's horses; and you know that that was the very same John Kopinall who was own uncle to my first husband. But he (I mean my husband) was a little boy and I was a little girl in them days."

* * *

WHAT NEXT?—As an indication of the extensive circulation of the LEDGER, we would state that we received, a few days ago, a letter containing $24, for a "club," from Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. The list was headed by the name of Brigham Young, jr.! N. B. We learn that, next to their own periodicals, the New York *Evangelist*, the Boston *Post*, and the New York LEDGER, are the favorite papers with the people of Utah. Like Dr. Johnson, they are evidently fond of "good haters."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROLAND.—We do not think anybody ever "lost in the long run" by acting honestly. One great trouble is, however, that some persons are so intensely selfish and egotistical that they imagine whatever they want to do, (no matter if it be in direct opposition to all law, human and divine,) must be right and honest. Such people, of course, are often disappointed in the result of actions, not only "in the long run," but in the short one also.

E. J. H.—A man should not make it a practice to accompany a young lady to balls, parties, concerts, &c., if he does not intend to marry her. Such constant attentions to a girl occasion people to suppose that the parties are engaged, or at least will be sooner or later; and so other gentlemen are kept aloof and the young lady's position rendered unpleasant, and perhaps her character is after a time more or less compromised.

M. L.—When a woman "loves a man better than all else on earth, and he tells her that he loves her the same, but has made up his mind never to marry," the best thing she can do is to cut his acquaintance. You need have no fear of "dying of a broken heart." Such a thing never did and probably never will occur. The human heart is the toughest integument known.

DUDLEY.—As to "gaining the good will of your rival in love," you must be an extraordinary fellow if you can do it. If you gain the *lady*, that is as much as you can expect.

ROMULUS inquires if in company with some friends at the dinner table, he should be helped first, whether it would be proper to pass the plate to a lady or keep it himself. The latter, of course, is more polite, as your host or hostess, having asked you your choice as to the piece you prefer, expects you to keep it; a contrary course would make great trouble to the person who carves and helps. Romulus also asks whether it is proper for him to accept an invitation to visit a young lady at her home in the summer, unless he is invited by her parents also. Certainly not. He might stand the chance of a very unceremonious and awkward dismissal from the old people.

YOUNG CLERK.—The passage, (which occurs in Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene I.,) is as follows:

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and give to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

DESPAIR.—It is rather a novel thing for a *lady* in this country to smoke. We don't know what you can do about it if she will persist in doing it in spite of your lover-like protestations. You can form some idea now, how difficult it is for ladies to tolerate this disgusting, dirty practice, with any sort of complacency toward the inflictors of such a nuisance. We wish every lady in America would follow your lady-love's example till the men were quite cured of it; as they soon would be,—had they never a clean mouth to kiss.

LIBERTY CLUB.—Here is a gentleman who is exercised in his mind on the subject of the earth's motion round the sun. If the earth moves so fast, he asks, how is it that when a bird flies into the air, the earth does not leave it behind? Why, sir, the reason is that the air in which the bird flies moves along with the earth. Did you never see a fly buzzing about in a railroad car when it was going thirty miles an hour? The fly was not left behind, was it?

WINSHIP.—If you are engaged to one lady, you should not be writing letters to others. It would not be very pleasant to *you* if a gentleman should come to *you* and read a letter he had just received from your lady-love, in a spirit of boasting. Don't do yourself what you would not pardon in *her*. Men are apt to be very mean in these things towards women. It is a poor rule that wont work both ways.

BRIDGEPORT.—This correspondent denies, that the richest milk is the heaviest. Water, he says, is the heaviest of liquids, and milk will be heavy in proportion to its nearness in quality to water. As many farmers are in the habit of buying and selling milk by weight, it may be worth their while to test the truth of Bridgeport's assertion by experiment A quart of buttermilk will outweigh a quart of cream, he says.

O. O. O.—To become a "truly learned man," you will have to study diligently for many years. The time which you have set—seven years—will only be sufficient to enable you to reach the vestibule of the temple of knowledge. There are living men that have been studying and laboring diligently for half a century, who have just begun to suspect that they are but mere babes in wisdom.

COURADIN.—You will never be cured of blushing while you are constantly saying to yourself, now I am going to blush. *Try to forget yourself entirely*, and think of those around you. Don't avoid company, but go into it as much as possible; it may be painful at first, but you will soon acquire an ease, which will make you smile at your past awkwardness.

A. J.—If that fellow "with the big black eyes and huge attempts at being graceful" will persist in visiting your lady-love, we don't know what you can do, except to make yourself more agreeable to her than he does. It is a great thing to have the parents on your side; nevertheless, don't lose sight of your black-eyed rival. Be wide awake and circumvent him if you can.

H. H.—If the young lady really loves you, she will not permit herself to be "sacrificed upon the altar of wealth by worldly-minded parents." It may be that she loves the "rich and conceited" beau better than she loves you, and that it would be no sacrifice at all for her to marry him.

W. M. O. wishes to know if it is proper for a young man standing by a ticket office to take a baby for a strange female while she procures a ticket It might be proper, but not quite safe, as the baby might never be called for. We would advise W. M. O. in such a case to offer to procure the ticket, *while the female held the baby.*

EMMA.—Your friend can secure her property to herself by having an ante-nuptial contract made between herself and her intended husband. She will have to apply to a lawyer, as such an instrument requires to be drawn with care and precision. It would be perfectly proper for her to insist upon having such a contract entered into.

KATE K.—Picture-frames are mostly constructed now so that fly-specks can be wiped off without injury to the gilding. It is easy, however, for a trifle to buy thin gauze the color of the frames, or any other color you may choose, and fasten over them as a preventive against this nuisance.

CHARLES WELLS.—It will be much the best way to consult your employer on a matter of too much importance to be left to your own decision. If he is friendly to you, as you say, he will only have your good at heart. Speak to him about it.

LOST FOREVER.—If the young girl does *not* love your rival, and does love *you*, let her tell him that she cannot be happy with him; that is the proper way. As things stand you can do nothing with propriety in the matter till she declines his love and attentions.

ESOPUS.—The best way to treat gossipping, meddlesome people is to go straight about your own business and other affairs in a *proper way*, without any regard to what they may say about you. Life is too short to stop to throw stones at every cur that snaps at your heels.

NOVICE.—If all the lawyers who are ignorant of Latin were turned out of the profession, there would be a thin attendance within the bar of most of our courts. Latin is not necessary to a lawyer, though it is desirable that he should have some knowledge of it.

E. T.—You can get back numbers of the LEDGER from June 7th, 1856, (the date at which we commenced electrotyping it,) at four cents a copy.

J. C.—Zoroaster, the founder of the fire-worshipping sects of Asia, was born about 589, before the Christian era.

A DAUGHTER says that her father is in the habit of getting drunk, and while intoxicated, behaves in a most brutal manner to his family, often beating them cruelly, and sometimes turning them all out of doors, and keeping them out until they nearly perish with cold. He recently knocked her mother down, and kicked her in the face and in the stomach so violently as to cause the rupture of a bloodvessel, and she now lies at the point of death. A few nights afterwards he again came home drunk, and began to abuse his daughter, who was watching by the bedside of her suffering mother. He struck her in the face with his fist, and upset the stand containing the medicines for the invalid, and then swore she should get up, and that if she did not he would drag her out of bed by the hair of her head. The daughter, at this, could restrain herself no longer, and seizing a large club that happened to be conveniently at hand, she struck the infuriated drunkard on the head, as he was about seizing her mother to drag her from the bed, and felled him senseless to the floor. She then tied him hand and foot, went for an officer, and had him taken to a place of safety. When he came to himself, and was told what had been done, he obtained his release, went away, and has not been heard of since. The daughter is now troubled at the thought of what she did, and wants to know if it was wrong. Under the circumstances, it would be difficult for a girl, alarmed at the thought that her sick mother was about to be killed, to do otherwise than our correspondent did. If there ever was a case, where the child would be justified in raising her hand against her parent, this is one.

BOSTON fell in love with a girl "up in Maine," and intended to make her his wife. She consented that he should carry out his intention, and the day was fixed for the wedding. Everything being supposed to be "safe," BOSTON presented his "intended" with a gold watch and chain, and a pair of gold bracelets and a diamond ring, and returned to his abode in Massachusetts to make ready for the bridal and have a house put in order for the residence of himself and wife. About a week after his return he heard alarming news from Maine, and took the first train for that State. But he arrived too late. The "perfidious girl" had married a man "to whom she had been engaged all the while;" and the disappointed lover learned that she had "made love" to *him* simply to get a quantity of nice presents, her *real* "intended" being poor and "unable to give her much of anything." BOSTON now wants to know what he can do about it. He can either seek to persuade the "perfidious girl" to restore the valuables, or he can let them go without an effort to regain them, or he can sue her for breach of promise of marriage; and BOSTON must be his own judge as to which of these courses it would be best for him to adopt.

NELLY wants to know who or what the "admirable Crichton" was, whom she sees so often referred to in the newspapers. Every day or so she sees some one called "an admirable Crichton," and she would like to know what it means. In the latter part of the sixteenth century there lived a man named James Crichton, who at the age of twenty-one years was master of ten different languages, and perfectly well versed in philosophy, mathematics, theology, polite literature, and all other sciences; and in addition to all these acquirements he was a perfect master of fencing, dancing, singing, riding, and other social accomplishments. On account of these varied acquirements and accomplishments he was called "the admirable Crichton." He died in the twenty-third year of his age.

C. L.—"Junius" was the *nom de plume*, or anonymous signature, of a celebrated writer of the last century, who severely criticised the king and government of Great Britain, and was hunted for, without success, by the myrmidons of the crown for many years. His letters were published in the "Public Advertiser" of London, during the years 1769, 1770, 1771 and 1772. Had the author of them been found out, he would doubtless have been punished with great severity; but he was never discovered; and to this day the authorship of the letters is unknown, although nearly a hundred different works have been published upon the subject.

CANDOR.—This correspondent says he is so bashful when he is with the girl he loves, that he cannot help blushing constantly, and when he attempts to say anything, no matter what, he stammers, and hesitates, and blunders, and makes a fool of himself generally. He thinks that women despise bashful men, and that makes him worse You are mistaken in regard to women's despising bashful men; they like them much better than impudent, brazen-faced fellows. After you shall have "declared your intentions" and been accepted—as of course you will be—your bashfulness will ripen into modest self-possession.

YALE.—The accidental shooting of a gamekeeper by the Archbishop of Canterbury, about which you inquire, occurred in the year 1621, at Bramhill Park. The Archbishop shot, with a cross-bow, at a buck, but hit the keeper who had ventured among the herd of deer, and instantly killed him. This gave rise to a vehement and prolonged discussion, which spread all over Europe, as to whether or not the shedding of the gamekeeper's blood, though done accidentally, incapacitated the Archbishop from longer exercising the functions of his office.

H.—After talking with the young lady in regard to the matter, if you find that she loves you, you might enter into an engagement; but if she is cold, and seems to have an attachment for the person referred to, you would be indiscreet to attempt to coax or argue her into making a promise of marriage. As for your "not being able to live without her," *that* is a great mistake, as you may soon learn.

E. VAN B.—It would be prudent for you to go to the West, before your funds become exhausted. The chance for getting employment is better in the Western States than in this city. You will be able to obtain the LEDGER in any place in Iowa, or any other State, where there is a news-office. Should you settle down in a place where there is no news-office, you can subscribe for the LEDGER by the year.

J. M.—Dr. Johnson was not an ill-natured nor a hard-hearted man, as you seem to suppose. He had no mercy however on cant or pretension, and spoke his mind freely. He had no match in repartee or argument, and his home thrusts were often terrible. Goldsmith used to say, "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

DILEMMA.—If your aged parents are unable to support themselves, and have no one to aid them but yourself, you should defer getting married until your means become adequate to the demands which, in the event of your marriage, would be made upon them. Twenty-two is too early an age, at any rate, for a man to marry.

LEONIDAS.—The Bourbons trace their origin to Robert the Strong, king of France, who was slain in the year 866. All the kings of France since that day have been Bourbons. There must have been some sense and virtue in the earlier kings of that name, but the last half dozen were dreadful fools.

PLAYER.—The cost of a set of billiard balls, four in number, is twenty dollars. The high price of ivory is the cause of their expensiveness. An average pair of elephant's tusks are worth in New York about three hundred dollars.

L. T. D.—It was Jefferson who said that Gen. Washington was the best horseman of his time. Washington's home diary shows that he went out fox-hunting every fine day during the season.

STUART.—Nearly all the royal personages in Europe, including Victoria, have the blood of Mary Queen of Scots in their veins. They get it through a grand-daughter of Mary's who married a continental prince.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—Send us your address, and we will forward the copy of the LEDGER desired. On sending your address, state why it is sent, and mention particularly the number of the LEDGER wanted.

TRUMAN.—You should never be afraid to do what you know to be your duty. Never mind the jeers of dissipated acquaintances; they can harm nobody but those who indulge in them.

C. C. T.—We think you take too seriously what might have been half frolic. You had better have an interview with the lady and talk matters over; it may be the means of your arriving at a better understanding.

B.—The value of old coins is purely fanciful. A half-dollar of 1781 would be very likely to sell for a considerable sum if you could find a person afflicted with the coin-collecting mania that wanted one.

B. L.—It requires brains to carry on a farm, as well as to do anything else successfully. You should seek information of good farmers, and also take some of the agricultural papers and read them attentively.

ANNA.—You can get a copy of the will referred to, by applying at the Surrogate's office. You will have to pay a small fee for it. If the will has not been recorded, it is not probable that you can get a copy of it.

CALIFORNIA.—There doubtless would be a chance for a good saleswoman to get employment in California; but if you have a situation here, you would be unwise to give it up.

R. J.—There is a town called "Dan Webster" in Henry County, Indiana, but whether it was named after the "god-like Daniel," or some local Dan, we know not.

OREGON.—The best way of getting to Oregon is to go to San Francisco first, and there take a coasting vessel to a port in Oregon.

DRUGGIST.—Bride's-maids are not necessary to the marriage ceremony. The bride is supposed to select them, not the bridegroom.

JACHIN.—The first musician of whom we have any record was Jubal—"the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*